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JUDAISM AND CHRISTIANITY.

GOETHE somewhere asks why God chose out the Israelitish people to represent the religious idea; and the reason for it is given in a few simple but significant words: "Because," he says, "it is the most *perseverant* nation in the world." This answer implies the first requisite of a religious character. *Tenacity of purpose* distinguishes the Hebrew over all other people.

While there is an obvious connection between the different Pagan nations, Judaism is distinct and individual. We pass easily from India to Egypt, and thence over to Greece: but, taking up our line of march with Moses, we are conscious of a new and different leader; and going out to Canaan, the divinely promised land, we seem to come not only on more familiar, but on firmer, ground. Unless the Jews were a "peculiar people," we are unable to account for their isolated position among the nations of the earth. That their ideas and forms of worship, as is sometimes maintained, came from the priests of Thebes and Memphis, rests on the slenderest chain of evidence. The accident that cast Moses into the royal family of Pharaoh, and the single assertion, that he "was learned in all the wisdom of the Egyptians," furnish the only probability for such a general con-

clusion. Here, at last, we encounter, not a mystical and traditional incarnation, like Chrishna and Osiris, but an actual and historical personage. Moses comes down to us authenticated by written annals that are beyond suspicion: he lived and walked among his people, and gave them laws to regulate their worship and to consolidate them as a nation. What laws they were! Cast in new and original forms, they seem like, what we believe them to be, divine inspirations direct from the mind of God. At the same time that they reveal to us God's truth and will, they make known his care for us, and show, what no other laws have shown, our *immediate relation* to Him. And if Moses was the great man and chosen lawgiver that both history and tradition represent him to have been, we cannot suppose that he merely reflected the religion of his age. Bring the two people, the Egyptian and the Israelitish, into comparison, and then see if it was the same religious idea that lay in the mind of both. If so, why their settled antagonism, their different private and public economies?

Besides, how shall we account for the historical prominence, for the wide-spread and permanent influence, of this little, undistinguished nation of patriarchs and shepherds? What did the Jew ever contribute to art or science? what fragment of beautiful statuary has he left behind him? what single evidence has he given to the world of his social refinement? Yet he holds a place in history, and in the heart of man, above all the elder nations. Distinct from their religion, the Hebrew people had no literature, no philosophy, — not even a political existence. Still they live in all our memories, and we are bound so strongly to no other race. Why is it? What is their claim to this profound and universal homage? Is it not owing entirely to their original religious position? In a sense never realized before, they *were* God's people; they felt themselves to be a part of his great invisible household; they revered no law but *his*; they had no painted or sculptured divinities, — nothing to draw off their minds from the one invisible Jehovah. Of course, we speak of their representative men, like Moses and Isaiah, when we say that the Jew was intensely conscious of a new and nearer relation to the Creator, — that he held the first and central truth of all religion. He held that truth all through the mixed fortunes of his wonderful existence; he held it proudly in Jerusalem, and carried it into his exile beyond the Tigris; he held it in his

native, pastoral life, among the palms and olive-groves of Palestine, and bore it across the sea to the refined capitals of the West; he gloried in it when bowing down before the temple-altar in the days of his prosperity; and he clung to it more firmly still when that temple lay in ashes, "with not one stone upon another," and when he went forth a wanderer on the face of the earth. There is a moral sublimity in the example and life of that simple Hebrew race; and it all comes from the great and original idea which they everywhere illustrated, from their new religious position, and their profound faith in God.

Christianity, by lineal right, has inherited all the virtue of Judaism. Still, it is a new religion; its radical and essential elements are peculiar to itself. Possessing the truths and many of the finest precepts of the elder faiths, it is never to be confounded with them, but has a purely individual character and existence. There is no historical personage like Jesus of Nazareth, who occupies a similar moral position, or possesses similar features of spiritual beauty. He stands alone among all the great teachers of mankind; he lays open a realm undiscovered before, which the best philosophers and the greatest prophets had seen but dimly, which they had little more than dreamed of, and never were able to disclose. It is impossible to get rid of the impression of the superiority, in all moral respects, of the gospel of Christ. There are periods of ecclesiastical history that reflect little credit upon Christianity; but they never quite obscure the light of that perfect truth. That remarkable fiction, Kingsley's "*Hypatia*," depicted in dark colors the primitive church of Alexandria. The shading seemed almost too deep; but the picture was here and there relieved by gleams of pure and uncompromising virtue, and characters were introduced that must have been fashioned after the Master's image, showing the impossibility of confounding the original truth with later conceptions, the simplicity of the evangelists with the doctrines and rituals of Platonic and Jewish believers.

We can conceive how some minds may be troubled by the parallels that it is possible to draw between Christianity and the older religions. There is a human side to this divine truth; and, whenever *that* is presented, we may, for a moment, lose sight of its higher characteristics. But Jesus *must* bear something in common with us, and with the race, in order to sympathize in our trials, and to put forth his redeeming power. He must use our dialect,

and speak as we do, or he could not be our *Logos*, — our Word of Life. Strange, indeed, if no coincidences should be found of religious thought and expression among the different races of mankind! Human emotions and feeling run always in parallel lines. Men's spiritual wants are identical through all the world; they have the same aspirations, and offer the same prayers, in all ages. The idea of immortality is confined to no people or revelation, but is the soul's universal belief. Everywhere the mind goes back to a great First Cause. A heavenly beatitude hereafter is a common hope. The human heart, in its very nature, is prophetic; hence we find that a divine Deliverer is foretold in the sacred books of various nations. There are ten commandments in the Buddhist Scriptures, and ten in the Hebrew. The incarnation of Divinity was believed on the plains of India, as well as on the plains of Palestine. Figures resembling the Jewish cherubim are found among the sculptures of Assyria and Egypt. The cross was used as a religious emblem at Thebes long before the Christian era; and Cortez found it in the Aztec temples of Mexico. The golden rule of life given by Jesus reads, "Do unto others as ye would they should do unto you." The Chinese sage Confucius, five hundred years before, had summed up all morality in one similar brief sentence, — "Never do to others what you do not wish them to do to you." And early Roman-Catholic missionaries relate their surprise at finding the institutions of baptism and communion among the sacred rites of the Indians of the New World.

These coincidences go to prove that Christianity is not a thing by itself, or an isolated fact in the world's religious history; but is vitally related to all the past, and interwoven with universal experience. It is not a foreign element in human life, but a deeply sympathetic power, touching the heart on every side, to heal, enlighten, soothe, and redeem. But parallel emblems and precepts do not argue spiritual identity; they simply affirm the same necessities and aspirations of the soul, wherever it exists, — that religion rests on the broad basis of human nature; and that Jesus started, in his teachings, from a faith that is common to all men. They never interfere with the higher claims of his religion, or contradict those spiritual evidences which make it a divine and original revelation. As an expression of human need and aspiration, Christianity coincides with all religions; as an *answer* to these, or as pure revelation, it stands apart, and above them all.

Let us endeavor to make this latter point clearer. Looking at the world's religious history, we see system after system arise and decay, the old ever retiring before the new. The question comes up, with every successive development, Is there *nothing* fixed and eternal? Shall this process of change go on for ever? Man cannot easily believe that the soul's progress will ever cease or be interrupted; nor, on the other hand, can he believe that there is no stable truth in the universe, no moral and unchanging certainty. If he looks at the past, he beholds there, not only the rise and fall of states, and schools of philosophy and art, but also of religions. To believe in a principle that can never pass away, and still keep advancing, is a problem which continually rises and asks a solution. Here are the two elements essential to our growth and happiness, which require to be reconciled and brought in to every well-balanced theory of religious life. In this changing scene of the world, we want the consciousness of moral security; we also desire to feel that every new experience is bringing the soul nearer to God. Perplexed by this question, men ask, some, whether the law of progress is not limited to science and art; others, whether there is anywhere an absolute truth to which the mind may cling, and feel itself at rest. The historical reader will reason like this: The old Pagan religions arose, and answered for their time; then, one after another, they passed away. At length came Moses, a lawgiver, claiming the sanctions of divine authority, and speaking in the name of Jehovah. But here was not the end: something follows better than the law and prophets, — a truth that purports to comprehend them all. Still comes up the old question, Why may not Christianity share the fate of the elder elemental religions? What assurance have we that this latest form of revelation may not hereafter be superseded, and become absorbed in some new and higher development? Reasoning superficially, from historical precedent alone, we must give an affirmative answer. But the argument is not thus put to rest: it involves the very highest considerations of philosophy, and rises into the sphere of abstract thought. Ideas overrule facts, as the mind controls circumstances; and truth itself may survive, while its forms fluctuate and its advocates die. Men write constitutions and frame laws; but new political conditions arise, and changes and modifications become necessary. Sometimes the whole structure of government needs to be pulled down and built again.

In this process of destruction, human relations are not dissolved ; no single element of the social fabric is lost. The Jewish religion is eminently legal in its character ; it is made up of specific regulations and commandments ; it is a system of laws ; and hence, as the race goes on, must be passed by and set aside. Christianity is quite the opposite, having no mere scientific methods, or definitions of the outward policy and ritual worship of the church. It is the simple enunciation of principles. These are its chief distinction, and set it far above all other religions. They give it a special reality to the soul, and a place in the human heart, which it must hold for ever. Principles never change, and are never subverted or lost out of the world ; so the truth as it is in Christ possesses a character of permanence, and cannot, in the whole course of man's progress, be superseded or outgrown.

This view of Christianity does not reduce it to an inflexible, stationary faith ; it does not confine it within any prescribed limits of form or doctrine ; it allows abundant opportunity for freedom and progress. A moral certainty, such as the Christian believes to exist in his Sacred Scriptures, is not something immovable, but the very principle of growth. Revelation, as he believes it, does not present a dead level of morality from Genesis to the Apocalypse, but marks a regular ascent, a religious advance, to correspond with the advancing steps of the human race. The divine principles of Christ are never exhausted, but contain within themselves a perpetual impulse to carry the soul forward through all the stages of its being. They differ from legislative statutes and formal commandments. While possessing all the distinctness and moral reality of these, they are infinitely superior in the quality of vital and unlimited expansion. He who receives them becomes, of necessity, improving and progressive. He cannot remain where he was before ; he cannot any more live on, merely repeating his former self. There is profound truth in the strong apostolic language of the New Testament, in such terms as "regeneration," "putting off the old man, and putting on the new man," "becoming new creatures," "being renewed day by day," and "passing from death unto life." And their meaning is no fixed quantity, but flowing, and *overflowing*, like the large benevolence of the widow's mite, like the changing of water into wine, like the multiplication of the loaves and fishes. The Jew, by the force of his exact law, is held to

his old moorings in the past: the Christian, by the force and vitality of his interior principle, is constantly propelled, and sent forth on the eternal ways of God. John Robinson, the brave Puritan, seized upon this truth, and proclaimed it in his parting words to the Pilgrims at Leyden. "He was very confident," so runs his language, "that the Lord had more truth and light yet to break forth out of his holy word." Therefore, from the nature of this religion, we conclude that Christianity is continually unfolding, and is capable of leading humanity for ever.

This course of thought helps us to vindicate our faith in the Bible; informs us why we have it, and how we are inspired and sustained by it. Both Judaism and Christianity possess individual characteristics, which assert their divine origin and spiritual pre-eminence. Recognizing these, we can separate the Bible from all the ephemeral influences of the past, and confidently accept it as our guide to immortality.

D. C.

CATHEDRALS AND CHURCH BUILDINGS OF THE SOUTH RHINELAND.

ON the western shores of Lake Constance, near the place where the Rhine separates from its waters, stands a huge, quaint, shapeless building, browned by age, with a high, steep, quadrangular, wooden roof, from which rise two unsightly wind-vanes, with queer gable windows at its corners, and several rows of port-holes in its red tiles for ventilation; with long tiers of low, narrow windows in the sides, and a modern edifice built on at the east end for conveniences of business, — a relic of the middle ages.

It is the "council-house" of Constance, where the church of the fifteenth century, represented by a multitude of princes, cardinals, patriarchs, bishops and archbishops, professors of theology, lay ambassadors, priors, abbots, and inferior prelates, met to reform ecclesiastical abuses; where two popes were deposed, and one elected; where John Huss and Jerome of Prague were condemned as heretics. Built, in 1388, as a storehouse for East-Indian wares, which then entered Europe chiefly through the Mediterranean, its size and isolated location (though accessible

enough to render requisite the darkening of the windows, and consequent use of candles in the daytime, and surrounding it with a wooden barricade to keep off the multitudes who followed the council here to influence its decisions), seem to have caused its selection as the place of meeting.

The council-room in the second story was, in the time of the council, a rough, unfinished apartment, temporarily fitted up with seats for its members, and supported by two rows of huge oak posts, which still remain, and is at present unoccupied, except as a lumber-room, and at the north end as a museum of antiquities, where are still shown the chairs occupied by the emperor and the pope; grotesquely dressed, full-sized statues of Huss, Jerome, and the friar who boasted he had converted the latter; the cart, a low wooden sledge (no doubt fictitious), on which Huss was drawn to execution; and a model of the cell, where for ninety days he was chained in a sitting posture, with a part of its ancient door, and the huge bolt attached to it; a dungeon, not more than six feet high and three broad, with a hole in it to admit a little of the dim prison light. No wonder that he looks pale in the pictures which represent him going forth to the fiery ordeal of his death.

The calm constancy with which he walked forth on his death-morning through the city, from the cathedral, under the gateway, and across the drawbridge, into the green suburbs of Bruhl, in sight of his dear Rhine, as it spread itself into the waters of the Untersee, and then lost itself among the distant blue-tinted hills of the Rhineland, — almost within hearing of the rush of its waters, — does not move one so much as the thought of his three months' imprisonment. When we look into the narrow cell, or crouch within its close confines, where the martyr was chained in darkness and solitude, in a torturing position so terrible that it reminds one of the crucifixion, one's impulse is to ask, how human nature, even when aided by the divine strength, could have borne such trial. And one thinks, as he remembers how Huss came forth unscathed from the ordeal, of the great "apostle to the Gentiles," with his many stripes and scourgings and manifold imprisonments; of his triumphant anthem, — "I have fought a good fight, I have kept the faith; henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of glory, which the Lord, the righteous Judge, shall give me in that day."

In this museum also are Roman domestic utensils, and swords of the legionaries; a wooden statute of an emperor; a coarse portrait of Luther; and the face of a beautiful girl, martyred by the heathen Germans for her faith. "It would not have been half so bad," said the old cicerone, "if they had burnt up some ugly old woman."

Five minutes' walk from the council-house, on an eminence sloping to the lake, stands the Cathedral of Constance, — a structure of gray stone, mostly in the Gothic style, with an open-worked central tower, flanked by two mosque-shaped side-towers, each surmounted by a cross. This building, which dates from the eleventh century, has little of the æsthetical about it; for does it not stand in presence of the mountains of Tyrol, and close upon the borders of the Swiss-land? It is of the usual cruciform shape, with the customary quantity of bad painting and tawdry ornamentation in its chapels. The oaken carvings on the doors of the main portals, which represent the events in the Saviour's life, and those of the seats in the choir, are noteworthy, both as to design and execution. To give one example of the adorning of the interior: Above the Christ-history, carved upon the doors, are pictured "God the Father and Son" in the clouds; the latter bending over the Virgin Mary, who, "full of love," receives her Son. At the left, appears Death in the robes of a bishop, and a skeleton arrayed in knightly armor, who raises in the air his family-arms, reversed, as a sign that with himself perished his name and race. Part-way up the broad aisle, near the pulpit, beneath the low, strong, stone arches of the nave, there lies in the pavement a broad, time-worn stone, pointed out as the spot where Huss stood, when, in presence of the dignitaries of the church seated in a semicircle around, among them the emperor, and by him the pope, the people pressing eagerly forward to catch a glimpse of the heretic, he was consigned to everlasting pains as a traitor priest, and an enemy to the church. To the friend of free thought and the true church, with no visible pope, but with its invisible Head, holier than arches or frescoed walls, or the chapels and the high altar with its swinging censer, and its "veritable body" beneath, was this simple stone tablet, on which seems invisibly written, "He that will come after me, let him take up his cross and follow me;"

"To him that overcometh shall it be given to sit with me upon my throne, even as I also overcame, and am set down with my Father upon his throne."

Farther up the nave, in front of the high altar, in the pavement, is a brass tablet, underneath which rests one of the judges of the martyr, far away from his fatherland, — Henry Hallam, Bishop of Salisbury, head of the English delegates to the council. In the sacristy are found much Brabant lace and linen used in the service of the church; priests' robes of crimson velvet, and cloth of silver and gold; also, as relics, one of the arrows which pierced St. Sebastian, and the skull of St. Conrad in a silver figure, a piece of the true cross, and other equally credible and interesting mementoes. Most of the holy bones are incased in coverings of white silk, which takes away somewhat of their repulsiveness. When the sexton pointed out those of St. Ursula, it was suggested that they were lying far off in her church at Cologne, among those of "the eleven thousand virgins." "St. Ursula had many bones," replied the old sexton gravely; and the vindication of the sanctity of the relics was complete. We were reminded, as we attended the Sunday-morning service in the cathedral, of the power the Romish church wields by the absorption of the Artistic into her ritual. A fat, red-faced priest preached, in a loud, boisterous, and irreverent manner, a discourse in which there was far more sound than sense. But then there had been the anthem, "*Gloria in Excelsis*," and no priest's speech could have in it more of exhortation to a search after the High and the Holy than this glorious anthem of the church. Is not true song ever an incarnation, whereby the Supreme stirs the pure intuitions of the soul? and so cannot we reverse the apostrophe of Jean Paul saying to Music, "Come unto me! thou speakest to me of things which in all this endless life I have found not, and shall not find; therefore is born afresh within my soul that longing for life eternal which is 'the *Heim-weh*' of the spirit"?

Of the many churches and sacred edifices, some dating from the tenth century, with their statues and relics and epitaphs; their sleepers, noble and menial, layman and ecclesiastic; especially of that Dominican convent, standing on its little island, where portions of a Roman fortress still remain, and around which rush the waters of the Rhine, — the residence in the old

times of men from many lands, the scholars of the middle ages, where Huss was chained, at present converted into a cotton-printing establishment, — we have not space to write. In the Paul Strasse stands another edifice, sacred to free thought and speech, — a little dingy German house, with a rough stone statue on its front, consecrated some four centuries ago by the man who dwelt there; for it was the hostelry of Huss, which he left only for prison and the stake.

The village churches of the South Rhineland have a strong family likeness. They are the chief edifices of the place where they stand, rising up from among the low, dark-tinted houses of a German town, as if they were citadels of strength, in which the people put their trust. They are usually without ornament, and, belonging for the most part to the Protestant connection, want all that ornamentation of gilding, painting, and images, which denote the Romish cultus; of no particular style, but built seemingly with reference to the quality and quantity of the materials at hand. They are commonly of stone. At Handschuhsheim, which lies at the foot of the hills of the Bergstrasse, "imbosomed in trees and flowers," just on the borders of the mysterious Odenwald (the forest of Odin), rises the village church, enclosed by a stone wall, with graves lying under its shadow, — a little dark, patched stone house, with here and there a Gothic window, with its really delicate tracery that manifests thought, and others cut in its sides, as one would cut a hole in the wall to let in the light; with its low, dark interior, filled up with wooden benches, and rough, uneven pavements, that are dusty and damp and mouldy; its tower, that seems to have once and again fallen down and been built up, patched with red bricks that lie among its gray stones, its narrow, lancet-shaped openings partly filled up with the same; and its little, old clock, almost hidden in its dusty recesses, whose very sound, half muffled and hollow, as it floats out from its dark home down among the neighboring vineyards and town, seems an ancient one calling unto his friends, who lie below in the churchyard, to awake from their dreary sleep, and to renew long-interrupted fellowships. It is such a church as one often meets with in the Rhineland.

In the cities, the parish churches are usually more pretentious in size and structure. In Heidelberg, at the foot of the hills

which form the northern boundaries of the Black Forest, stands the plain old gray stone Church of St. Peter, browned and moss-grown, among ancient graves, over which the ivy and the flowers creep in the summer time. Jerome of Prague nailed his theses to its door, and preached to the multitude assembled in its churchyard. Within, here and there a defaced statue with its knightly escutcheon, an old inscription, a stone slab that once rested over a grave, a few panes of painted glass, the empty space where once the high altar stood, attest its ancient furnishings and faith. One thinks, as he stands within this vacant "house of prayer," of certain dark days when there were terror and fierce outbursts of frenzy and schism within its walls; of the ruin which reforming hands wrought amongst its ancient ornaments; and, worst of all, when an infuriated soldiery respected neither the graves of men nor the altars of God; for, at the perishing of the Palatinate by command of the most Christian king, Louis XIV., it went hard with the churches of Heidelberg. "The very choirs of the churches," says an English historian, "were stained with blood; the pyxes and crucifixes were torn from the altars; the tombs of the ancient electors were broken open; the corpses, stripped of their cere-cloths and ornaments, were dragged about the streets. The skull of the father of the Duchess of Orleans was beaten to fragments by the soldiers of a prince, among the ladies of whose splendid court she held the foremost place." Under the shadows of St. Peter's lies Olympia Morata, an exile from the Italian land; a graceful woman and profound philosopher, who, persecuted as a heretic at home, fled with her German husband to Heidelberg, where she delivered lectures to the multitudes who came, attracted by her learning, her beauty, and her misfortunes. The young men of the University have not yet forgotten where she rests.

Not far off stands the Church of the Jesuits; a solid red sandstone structure, tawdrily ornamented, and dirty. As one looks down upon it from the western terrace of the castle, and upon the neat white-washed library at one side of it, and the University on the other, they seem like enemies moving onward to attack a sturdy foe who stands at bay; symbolizing to him the Romish church and her deadliest foes, the power of the press and the school. In the ancient market-place stands the Church of the Holy Ghost, the ancient burying-place of the electors, with

an occasional piece of stone carving left by the French, — at present divided into two parts for the convenience of the Protestants and the Catholics, who both worship under the same roof; a division made in other churches in the Rhineland.

Of the private chapels which, in the old times, were found in every noble's castle, there are few remaining. Among the ruins which so often crown the hills of the Rhine, their place is sometimes shown by a pointed window, a little higher than the others, or by a more careful carving of the stone. No song there, no censer, no prayer, no crucifix, no gathering of knights and ladies; only the grass growing in the loose dust around, and the chorus of the wind and rain, and the solemn service of the sun and stars, as substitutes for the ritual of the Church. In the ruined castle at Heidelberg, looking forth from the high Jettenbuhl upon the Neckar and the Odenwald, is the ancient Chapel of the House of Baden; a little room darkened by an ugly gallery, the ornaments removed, only an old picture left here and there, and part of the altar, given up at present to the dust and damp, and the curiosity of travellers. In the Chapel of the Counts of Erbach are the coffins in which Eginhard, secretary and son-in-law of Charlemagne, and the faithful Emma, his wife, whose life-story is so often repeated in the fictions of the middle ages, are buried.

The abbeys and convents of the South Rhineland are, for the most part, ruined or secularized. The Benedictine abbey at Mettlach, founded in the seventh century, is now a pottery. The abbey at Lorsch, the oldest Gothic edifice in this part of Germany, — a fragment of whose portico, serving as an entrance into the original church, dedicated in presence of Charlemagne, his queen, and two sons, in A.D. 774, remains, — is now partly used as a storehouse for fruit. A half-hour's walk from the place where the Neckar opens into the Rhineland, on the high hill which rises with its vineyards and woods from the banks of the former, looking down upon the village of Handschuhsheim below, and the wide plain bounded by the Alsatian Hills, stand the ruins of a convent, — a tottering wall, grass-grown and crumbling; a wide extent of stone-heaps and exposed foundations, covered with weeds and shrubs; with here an entrance to an arched way half choked with rubbish, and

there a portion of its ground plan still visible; standing amidst the forest-trees, the old avenues to it worn away by the rains of many years and the growth of new forests; reached now only by a rough and winding woodpath. There is a story current among the people, that, when a nun once reached this convent, she never came down again, the way was so rough. No great distance up the Neckar stands another convent, whose buildings, well preserved, have been turned into the country residence of a Frankfort professor. At Baden-Baden is the Convent of the Holy Sepulchre, still inhabited by the sisterhood, who wear black as a sign of mourning, to be worn until the Holy Sepulchre shall be again rescued by the Christians from the Infidels.

But it is in the cathedrals of the South Rhineland that history and art are centred. In at their doors, and under their arches, have the tide-waves of the generations surged, and then receded, leaving here and there a waif upon the time-shores, to serve as a memorial of their presence. In the Cathedral at Frankfort, part of which dates from the thirteenth century, with its still unfinished tower, and its plain, white-washed interior, and "vile modern gallery," forty-six emperors of Germany have been chosen and consecrated. At Worms, near by the rush of the Rhine waters, stands the cathedral begun in A.D. 896, in the Byzantine or round arched style, a building of various ages and styles of architecture. Adjacent are the red sandstone walls of the bishop's house, destroyed by the French in 1689 and in 1794; where Luther appeared before the Diet and the Emperor Charles V. One fancies that the near-flowing Rhine, dear to every German heart, and the long line of distant hills of the Bergstrasse, might have strengthened the soul of the reformer in his hour of public trial, and helped to keep him true to the teachings of his conscience.

The three most markworthy cathedrals of the South Rhineland are those of Strasbourg, Freiburg, and Spire, surpassing the others in size, artistic excellence, and historic interest. As a matter of convenience, we shall first write of the Cathedral at Strasbourg.

It stands upon an eminence, and commands an extensive view of the Rhineland and its embracing hills, — a site, according to tradition, first occupied by a Druid temple; next by one dedicated

to Hercules and Mars. The story of its building is that of many of the religious edifices of the middle ages. The cherished plan of a long line of bishops; aided in its revenues by pious kings; now receiving a grant perpetual of Rhine villages, the subjects of its bishops being allowed a free pass through the imperial cities, that so they might better minister of their substance to the good cause; built according to one plan in one age, to be remodelled in the next; now burnt to the ground, and then rising from its ashes; with fortunes dependent upon the changes of politics, and the chances of wars, in which its knight-bishops were active participants, — it was not until A.D. 1015 that the present edifice was commenced.

The architect of the cathedral was Erwin von Steinbach. Leaving it at his death unfinished, it was continued by his son, and afterwards by his daughter Sabina. The bodies of these illustrious artificers, two of whom were probably members of the Strasbourg Guild of Freemasons, which was the parent of the other German Guilds, are buried in the vaults of the cathedral. The statue of Erwin stands high among the arches, with upraised face as it were in prayer, as though the sculptor had thought that even the good work of building God's temple needed the aid of perpetual prayer to gain for the workman immortal life. It is neither possible nor necessary to give a full account of this Gothic cathedral, with its mighty arches, and almost interminable network of stone traceries, and sculptured shafts, statues, and grotesque creatures that adorn its exterior; of the lofty nave, and its high windows, with their paintings of so many different ages; of its organ, far up among the arches; of its wonderfully carved stone pulpit; of the high altar, with the paraphernalia of the Romish ritual; of the shrines of the saints and the Virgin in the transepts and aisles, — all executed with religious fidelity and care. One can only mention a few facts, and write coldly of that which it would take months of reverent and loving study to understand.

The spire is four hundred and sixty-eight feet high, — twenty-four feet higher than the great pyramid of Egypt, — and covered to the very summit with Gothic ornament. High up its sides stand figures of kings and saints; below, equestrian statues of certain emperors and princes who were benefactors of the cathedral; lower still, its sides are covered with statues, and their cano-

pies, shafts, arches, — all of stone. Three Gothic doors, with receding arches, are on the front. The sides of all three, to the apex of their arches, are covered with images of apostles, evangelists, and saints. On the sides of the cathedral, close to the ground, on the lofty roof and the parapets, the workmen have placed their ornaments, pinnacles, towers, and shafts, statues of men and women noble or holy, grotesque creatures, half human, half bestial, which look down upon the stranger wherever he turns. And yet this was the work of the ages that are called dark.

To the student of Strasbourg Cathedral, it seems either a sacrifice or an anthem, according to the direction in which he looks.

How instinct are its stones with the life of vanished generations! How many lent their energies to build this temple, and toiled on in hope of everlasting life as their reward! What hopes, fears, low ambitions, and narrow joys, what aspiration and yearning according to the measure of their spiritual insight and need, filled the souls of these men, as they wrought out the statue of some favorite saint, or rested for a season to watch it raised into its place among the arches! Everywhere in the structure are traces of man's skill, patience, and "spirit of sacrifice to the Lord." With what outlay of labor were the mighty foundations laid! How many heart-beats, each measuring a toilsome moment, did it cost to complete its façade! How much life to rear the lofty spire, with its vast expenditure of carving! how much to cover the cathedral's sides with thick-rising pinnacles, buttresses, and spires! how much to rear the arches of its naves, and the pillars of its aisles! how much to paint its windows, to carve its pulpit, and erect its altars! And, when he has determined these, he may estimate the sum total of the life spent in the raising of a Gothic cathedral.

Or if one will contemplate the structure as finished, and ask himself what it meant to the men that built it, the answer will be, that it is both a supplication and a thanksgiving; a prayer for the future, and an anthem of gratitude for the past.

Standing before it, one can understand that transcendental saying of the Germans, that "sculpture is stone music." For when we consider how this ancient "house of God" was built; how pious bishops taxed their energies and wisdom to create its beauty; how kings gave of their treasure, and minished their

revenues to aid them; how, from age to age, the finishing was bequeathed as a blessed heritage; how dying nobles left houses and lands to increase its treasures, hoping thus to win eternal life; how the pious churchman watched its rearing; how the souls of the old architects, Erwin von Steinbach and the rest, were sorely tried in the planning and performing, and had watching and care, by reason of their deep desire that their work should be complete and correspondent in all its parts; how the generations looked on, and joyed in it, and prayed for its completion; how every carving of stone, and tracery of leaves and screen, every statue with its canopy, every arch and turret, and, above all, the mighty chisellings of the great tower, are instinct with thought that came out of a faithful soul, — one can understand how this cathedral rises up towards the heavens, showing its front in storm and mist, in presence of the stars, and the high hills in the Rhineland and in the kingdom of the Frank, a perpetual anthem to Him who dwelleth in the great temple of the universe, sung by the multitudes that wrought for its completion, — a holy hymn of praise and thanksgiving. In the Frauenhaus, or House of the Nuns, close by the cathedral, where are preserved the plans of its architects, stands an allegorical representation of the Old and New Dispensations. The former is represented as a maiden, holding in one hand a spear hopelessly broken; and her eyes are covered by a thin bandage, and her station is still and changeless. Her work is finished. The latter, with undimmed gaze and hopeful mien, holds in her hand a cup; the prophetess of a holier life, — that life which is "hid with Christ in God." Not far off from the Cathedral Square stands also a silent prophet of a new era, — the statue of Gutemberg, who first attempted printing at Strasbourg about 1436.

A few hours' ride from Strasbourg to the south-east, just on the outskirts of the Black Forest, stands the Cathedral of Freiburg, one of the few Gothic edifices in Germany that have escaped the ravages of fire and war. It dates from the twelfth century (1152), and owes its erection to the munificence of the princes of Zähringen, and the liberality of the citizens of Freiburg, who made great sacrifices to complete it. Its unknown architect, the master, perhaps, of Erwin von Steinbach, has used a red sandstone resembling that employed at Strasbourg, except that it is more

perishable, and does not preserve the sharpness of its angles so well.

The main tower, three hundred and eighty feet high, rising up in a direct line with the nave, and not on one side of it, as the tower of Strasbourg, seems more symmetrical and graceful than the latter. The upper part of the spire, of wonderful lightness and boldness of execution, is perhaps finer than that of any other in Germany. The lower part is, however, quite bare of ornament, and disfigured by a clock with gilt hands. The single, far-receding portal beneath, is elaborately finished with canopied statues of sacred personages, chiefly those of the New Testament. On the top of this spire, which can only be ascended by climbing up the stonework (the authorities permitting only skilled artificers to do so), under the metallic head-piece, are the branching antlers of a stag, of large size, softened by time, — according to antiquaries, a memento of the old Count of Urach, from whom, on the mother's side, the counts of Freiburg are descended. The building is not so well kept as that at Strasbourg, which is remarkable for its neatness both within and without; and the market-women, who hold a market in the Cathedral Square, pile up their wooden benches in the recesses at its sides. The exterior presents the usual forest-like appearance of pinnacles, spires, and towers, with their statue-inhabited niches. High up in the towers, and under the feet of the sculptured kings and saints, green plants and flowers grow in the summer time luxuriantly. As one scans the faces of the silent stone statues that people the outside of this "God's house," he sees that they have a character written in them. Here is a face upturned as if in prayer; another, as if its owner despised and shunned the world; another looks earthward, as if, with sympathizing spirit, it still watched that earthly life of which it had once partaken. One has a stern, another a mild, humble look; and they stand there with changeless aspect, as monitors in many ways to the multitudes that traffic and toil beneath. The interior is ornamented with more simplicity and taste than one usually sees displayed in an edifice devoted to the Romish cultus. As one passes along the nave, he walks between the rows of stone statues that stand upon pediments attached to the sides of the pillars. Over the high altar, and in the chapels, are paintings of the German masters, of more than ordinary excellence, — two by Holbein.

In the Chapel of St. Martin there is a remarkable carving in wood, which represents the Virgin sheltering beneath her mantle a whole host of worshippers of all ranks, including popes, cardinals, bishops, and the like. In one of the portals on the north side, the sculptures below the arch represent the creation by the Deity, in the form of an old man, shaping sun, moon, and stars out of balls, and breathing life into Adam.

In any account of Freiburg Cathedral, the quaint collection of bells which hang in its tower should not be omitted, as, in their inscriptions and use, they contain no slight history of the local and domestic manners of the Freiburgers in the middle ages.

The oldest of them was cast in the year 1258, and weighs five tons: it is five feet in height and four feet in diameter, and bears the Latin inscription, "O Rex gloriæ, veni cum pace. Me resonante, pia populo succurre Maria." The Scheide-Glocke, or Parting-Bell, which announces to the city the death of an inhabitant, bears the arms of the Sickingen family, and the inscription, "John Frederic Weitnanes cast me. From the fire I flowed in Basel, 1735." Near by hangs the Sermon-Bell, on which is inscribed, "O Rex gloriæ, veni cum pace. Amen." On this bell the watchmen strike the hours by day, and the quarters of the hour by night. Behind the Sermon-Bell is the Betseit-Glocke, — the "Bedtime-Bell." Between these two hangs the clear-ringing "Vesper-Bell," with the inscription, "Venite exultemus Domino et jubilemus Deo salutari nostro." The "Council-Bell" was used to summon the aldermen of the city to their meetings. The "Tax-Bell," whose sound may have been the least welcome of all, was rung twice a week, from Martinmas to Christmas, during the collection of the city taxes. Amongst the bells is one which, taking into account its inscription, is outspoken in more ways than one. On it is written, "This bell was made, counting from the *birth of God*, thirteen hundred years."

The traveller ascending the Rhine above Worms discerns on its left bank a huge pile of gray stone, with two high towers rising from its semicircular rear, without ornament, and of ancient aspect, "perhaps the most stupendous building in the Romanesque style existing," — the Cathedral of Spires, the grave-church of the German emperors, eight of whom were buried here.

On July 12, 1030, Conrad II., "inspired by a pious spirit," and Gisela his wife, laid the corner-stone, surrounded by a brilliant circle of princes. On its site once stood a temple to Venus, and a church erected by Dagobert II. Conrad dying before its completion, his son remained a long time at Spire to oversee the building. It was finished, under Henry IV., in 1061. The especial care of the emperors, its revenues yearly increased, and it speedily became rich in relics. One gave it the head of the holy Pope Stephen, and a cross adorned with jaspers, pearls, and other jewels, in which were two pieces of the true cross; another, the treasures of the church at Limburg. The Greek emperor, Comnenus, gave a golden altar-service.

Besides the usual accidents from fire, the cathedral has suffered severely from the fortunes of war. It was pillaged and burnt by the French in 1689, by order of Louis XIV., and defaced in 1794 by the republican army under Custine. Traces of the mines by which they tried to blow it up are still visible. Wanting all that ornament common to Gothic architecture, it still presents an imposing appearance, by reason of its great size and strength. Both within and without, the greatest plainness is observed; no statues, none of that tawdry altar-furnishing which so often disfigures continental churches. The frescoes of the interior, executed at the expense of the King of Bavaria, under the direction of Schrandolph, surpass perhaps those of the far-famed Basilica at Munich. The white walls and bright coloring of the frescoes and large unpainted windows combine to give an air of cheerfulness to the interior, but do not wholly remove a feeling of desolation and vacancy, arising from the unoccupied vastness of its nave and aisles.

In the Chapel of St. Afra, the body of Henry IV. lay five years unburied, until the ban of excommunication was removed.

Between the nave and the choir is the King's Choir, under whose pavements is the imperial vault, where the bodies of eight emperors and certain of their wives and daughters once reposed. One can hardly look unmoved upon the spot where the dust of men, once actuated by diverse and hostile interests, often enemies of each other, mingled together in the peaceful silence of the grave. How much ended here! Over how many unaccomplished plans and high ambitions did the pavement close! Here lie side by side foes who in life abhorred each other; men who,

for their ineffable baseness or hideous crimes, had become spectacles to the world; those who were enemies of the pope, and conquered him, and others who quailed before the terrors of excommunication; faithful wives by the side of faithless husbands; the pure woman and the shameless debauchee; the chivalrous and the menial; the magnanimous and the mean; the nobleman of God, and the caitiff crowned of man! Here was laid Conrad II., elected emperor by the tumultuous Germans in the wide plain between Worms and Mayence; and Gisela his wife, the priestess of peace and love, reconciling her husband and grandsire, and thus averting civil war, — crowned queen at Rome. Here was laid Henry III., "the Iron Ruler," whose life was toilsome, sore-tried, and eventful; Henry IV., the weak and the impulsive, in whom the elements of character so strangely blended; the jester, who, when advised to violate the grave of his rival, Rudolph, replied, "Would to God that all my enemies were as splendidly entombed!" the father forsaken and plotted against by his son; the gray-haired parent, who threw himself at the child's feet, exclaiming, "My son, my son, if I am to be punished by God for my sins, at least stain not thy honor, for it is unseemly for a son to sit in judgment over a father's sin;" the proud one, who, in his ruin, decked himself with the jewels of Charlemagne, and, in presence of his enemies, defied them to do their worst; and by him Bertha, the faithful wife, the noble, and the spotless. The son of this dethroned one, Henry V., the bad child and the great emperor, whose life was a bitter and hopeless defeat; Philip of Swabia, who died by an assassin's hand; Rudolph of Hapsburg, the slave of the Romish see; Adolph of Nassau, the treacherously elected, the "priest-king," the weak, and the licentious; Albert of Austria, who led a life of danger, intrigue, and crime, and died by a kinsman's hand; Adolph, his successor; Beatrix and Agnes, noble women, — are all laid in this narrow death-chamber beneath the altar.

The soldiers of Louis XIV. scattered the ashes of these dead ones at the behest of their king; and one remembers, not without thought of Nemesis, another day of sacrilege in another royal church, where a misgoverned people "opened, rifled, and demolished, in the course of three days, fifty-one tombs; and the bodies of kings, queens, and princes were cast out in one indiscriminate heap into two trenches hastily dug without the walls of

the church, after being subjected to every species of brutal indignity."

They were the tombs of the French kings in the royal Church of St. Denis.

N. H. C.

ASIDE JOTTINGS OF A RETIRED POET.

1. "WORK away! work away! make it your motto every day!" says my decisive counsellor in spiritual and personal affairs; and "Work away!" is the echo that comes from every side. I am just now troubled in various ways, and nothing seems reliable save God and my own exertions; but, upon looking back, and contemplating past endeavors in conjunction with present advantages acquired, it seems as though my efforts had been ill-directed, and that a season of calculation is requisite preparatory to giving a new turn or new impetus to toil. Let us, therefore, take a commanding view of our ground and forces, like the general of an army face to face with foes. Like the plan of a poem should be the plan of our days, weeks, months, and years, — the forty or fifty cantoes of our actual existence, — if, by faithful, judicious, and fortunate application, we succeed in finishing the work. With such a plan, says the critic, the act of writing becomes easy and pleasurable; and, with such a plan, may not the *act of living* be attended with far less disagreeable events, hinderances, provocations, and disgusts than it now is?

2. In a "Book of Illustrious Mechanics," recently fallen into my hands, I perceive something of an inclination to lessen the disparity of the arts in public esteem; cabinet-making, cloth-making, tapestry-designing, and other grand divisions of practically associated thought and labor, being held in alliance with such as are commonly denominated the *fine* or *beautiful* arts, or the "arts of design." Undoubtedly, these latter deserve the highest or latest rank, since they are more solely devoted to embellishment and refinement, to *beautifying* and *finishing*: but the object of all art is to ameliorate, adorn, and refine our existence;

and it would seem that all branches of it should be held in honor for this reason.

3. Physical laborers — horses, oxen, and men — feed the physical system, and thus gain for it nourishment and strength; hence a rather direct analogy prompts the inquiry, whether spiritual laborers or thinkers might not acquire advantage in adopting some rational and methodical mode of refreshing and invigorating the spirit. But then the question comes, "What is the food of the spirit, its natural aliment and stimulus? Labor of the body begets appetite, — a desire for bread or meat. What does the spirit crave after fatiguing exercise? what does it seize upon with zest after exhaustion?" Is there not instinct here also to guide us to the truth? Let us consider ourselves, and we may ultimately arrive beneath clearer skies. Possibly our natural fondness for mirth, which once made buffoonery a feature in the courts of kings, and still makes wit and humor the most generally appreciable qualities in a poet, may furnish us a clew by which to get out from the mazes of ignorance in this particular; and we need not be surprised if old-fashioned female influence is discovered to have some relation to the article or nutritive property we are in search of.

4. Sir Walter Scott remarked that he always felt hampered by ignorance; which may be equivalent to saying that he found his spiritual strength restrained. It could not be knowledge, therefore, alone, in the common acceptation of that word, which gave him his imperial authority in fiction. We know, moreover, that he was a pet in childhood and youth; that he always luxuriated in the sympathy of those around him, even very wide around him, at last. We find him one of a company of cavalry; a clerk in a public court; a cheerful, generous, and beloved comrade among his fellow-citizens. What ardent friends he had, and how readily they became such! and how he must have enjoyed their companionship to render such an attachment possible! Burns, too, revelled with associates, among whom he felt himself a prince. What would he have been but for the stimulus of his bachelor club, and the strengthening smiles of his private and more intimate companions of the gentle, appreciating, sympathizing, loving sex! Was there ever a person of extraordinary spiritual power who was not made such by extraordinary encouragement of some kind, by fortified self-consciousness? The old fable of the belly and

the rebellious members comes into view as I follow this subject. The heart is, as it were, the belly of the soul, if such a bold figure is allowable. By its means, the spirit must be nourished; and, if the functions of this organ are deranged (as would often seem to be with purely literary men), the power of the spirit is perhaps essentially impaired. It is well known also that a suddenly augmented and continuous activity of the affections is not seldom the prelude to a thorough renovation of the spirit's life. -

5. There is no vigor of body without health; and probably it is not advancing any very new idea to designate virtue as the state of health for the soul. But distortion and disorder of the physical organization destroy beauty of person also, just as we know that a disordered will or perverted affections destroy beauty of the spirit. And here, perhaps, we may discern why gentle souls are ever so ready to lavish their favor and sympathy upon recognized excellence or *comeliness of character*; which all esteem, but which they are the readiest to perceive whose delicacy of life, and consequent purity of taste, have preserved their instinctive *love of beauty* in its highest activity. Should we not profit by this idea?

6. In reading, not long ago, some critical remarks upon an exhibition of paintings, I met a statement that there was a great deal of *heart* among Flemish painters, as also a great amount of merit; that, working together, as they do, in sympathy and affection, they are thereby apter to become fitted for excellence. This accords with my own convictions. We must become *able to endure* before we presume *to dare*; we must know how *to be* previous to our making efforts *to appear*. Natural power grows by extending contact with natural forces; and spirit likewise flourishes by increased association with its kind. Perhaps it will prove that the mind's first impulse, after continued application, is for society, — cheerful society and friendly. Merely literary men may content themselves in their libraries, where they can commune with the illustrious departed; and possibly their own writings will indicate the kind of company they keep: but great geniuses love the companionship of their living fellow men and women; and hence life, and adaptedness to life, is a characteristic of their labors. Where this interchange of sympathy is large, I think the faculties of the mind, or spirit, if cultivated, will generally be found to be quickened and invigorated in proportion. Nothing

seems to be so fertilizing for the soul as habitual, intensive dealings in kindness. I have heard it remarked of an eminent clergyman of Boston, "He is a noble fellow; *his heart is as large as that of an ox.*" Would it be wonderful if we should some time come to discover that *genius* consists primarily in a *large heart*?

7. Some writer says, "Art is not for pleasure and profit: it is for good and evil." Noble thought! Yea, we should look to the ultimate result, rather than to the immediate recompense, of our labors. It is debasing spiritual power to force it into subservience to wants, which can be pacified by less-engrossing toil. A free mind is the first need of the artist and the author, when engaged upon their work. Fame should be left aside from our view, that our whole vision may be occupied with excellence in our calling. Let the former overtake us, if it may; but let us be certain of attaining the latter. Our motives will thus be worthy of commendation; and the consciousness of this is a very vital source of power when stirred into activity. Self-approbation is the genuine spring of a cheerful spirit; the approbation of others is very apt to follow this: but, if the latter comes foremost in our course, if it supplies the principal nourishment we receive, if it is the main tributary of our *encouragement*, the whole river of our spirit's life-blood will be liable to dry up, and expose a very unlovely bed to every searching eye. Hence the misery of many a distinguished devotee of literature or poetry. Thank Heaven, there is one living fountain of satisfying, revivifying cheer! — we need not fear the disapproval of the world. Let the invidious and the inimical and the ignorant and the self-condemning spew all their venom, so long as I am conscious of deserving well of Goodness.

8. There is a little bird that frequently comes to sit for a while in the wide-branching elm before my dormitory; and, although many birds appear to have a like propensity, there seem to be two distinguishing characteristics in this: first, an apparently studied concealment; and, secondly, a peculiarly clear though simple melody, uttered in such a manner as to produce the most delightful echo, like that often noticed in the "wide-resounding" grove. The agreeable emotions excited by its singing have several times induced me to make some efforts to discover my blithe aerial guest; but, as yet, I have not succeeded so as to associate its song and shape together in the mind with certainty. Still, although the gifted

charmer denies me full satisfaction in this respect, it has led me into a train of reflection rather gratifying. I perceive, by the peculiar properties of its note, that an extended sphere is not an indispensable prerequisite for the enlargement and development of individual abilities; and, from its retiring habits, I am instructed that one who shuns the gaze of men may still possess a very attractive charm for the human heart, and maintain an important influence by the unobtrusive sweetness of its nature and natural exertions.

9. From this reflection, I am, somehow or other, brought to contemplate the fact of there being so much of that article termed poetry abroad in the world, and perpetually springing into blossom in the newspapers and other publications. How little is all this read! and how very little of that little is remembered or preserved or valued, other than by the respective writers! It seems to me the pen might be more satisfactorily employed in emulating the essays of Addison and Steele, than in contributing to multiply these magniloquent chimings, these nicely adjusted collocations and arrangements of words without life, which remind one of those pyramids of skulls he has somewhere read of. If the world needed any more such, it would (or ought to be denied, so that it would) accept them with greater thankfulness than most rhymers are familiar with. If, however, these latter will continue to write (no despicable amusement for their privacy), and rush into print, they may save themselves some despondency, by considering, that, although their lucubrations may serve their day and occasion very suitably, it must prove a very rare occurrence that a poem lives beyond the generation where it came to light. The discovery of a new planet is a more frequent event, by much, in these intellectual days; and then, if we examine the poetical treasures of the past, we shall find that intensity of feeling, rather than fastidiousness in style, has caused their preservation as articles of value.

W. A. K.

LIFE-MUSIC.

A BAND of minstrels, separated
 Far from their childhood's sunny land,
 Before a vast assemblage, waited
 The waving of the master's hand
 To bring forth harmony entrancing,
 From strings diverse, with magic skill:
 Meanwhile the fingers, o'er them glancing,
 Evolved discordant notes at will.

For every hand was idly trying
 The strength and tone of many a string;
 And one breathed forth a mournful sighing,
 And one a sharp, sonorous ring:
 Anon a sweeter strain ascended, —
 A clear and perfect chord, alone;
 Then harsher notes again were blended
 In strange and inharmonious tone.

And thus was wafted unto me
 This thought of Life's mysterious things, —
 How undeveloped harmony
 Lies hidden in the mystic strings.
 Perchance sweet notes sometimes arise,
 Distinct, 'midst a discordant whole;
 For, in each instrument, there lies
 The music of a perfect soul; —

But for the Master's sign delaying, —
 The key-note known to none but he, —
 When each, his own part thenceforth playing,
 Shall wake celestial melody.
 Then, Soul! thy magic lyre inwreathing
 With heavenly graces, wait thou still, —
 The strain of sweet submission breathing
 To the beloved Master's will, —

Until the prelude here is ended, —
 The counter-notes of hope and strife, —
 And thou, by angel-bands attended,
 Shalt enter on the higher life :
 Mystery and discord there subsiding,
 Infinite harmony shall rise,
 And, in thy Father's house abiding,
 "Praise" be the chorus of the skies.

H. W.

 THE LONELY HEART.

"Daily struggling, though unloved and lonely,
 Every day a rich reward shall give :
 Thou wilt find by hearty striving only,
 Truly loving, thou canst truly live."

It was a bitterly cold night. The calm, pure moonlight lay over the untrodden snow, and lighted up the trees, drooping with icy jewelry, with a cold and glittering splendor.

Even upon the parlor windows the frost had begun its delicate, feathery tracery ; but the soft coal fire flung out a cheerful heat, brightening the happy faces gathered round it.

Dr. Arnold, the good old village physician, now grown too infirm to continue his useful vocation, leaned far back in his easy-chair, with his wrinkled hand upon the head of little Alice, which rested upon his knee, his benign face smiling tenderly over his little daughter as she slept.

Near him sat his wife, even now wearing some trace of her youthful beauty, engaged in some household sewing. Kate, and Mary, two years her junior, — for whom a certain regal dignity gained her the sobriquet of "the duchess," — completed the family-group ; though an easy-chair, drawn close into the circle, with a pair of embroidered slippers, indicated the expected arrival of Frederic, the eldest, — a son upon whom the mantle of his father's usefulness had fallen.

In the recess of the window, on the broad, cushioned seat, sat a young girl, for whom the social cheerfulness about the fireside seemed to have no charm. There was a look of passionate sorrow in the expressive face ; and, when they spoke or laughed, she lis-

tened eagerly, but never smiled or spoke again. Twice, Mrs. Arnold had said, "Linda, dear, you will take cold, so near the window; come and sit by me:" but she had refused quickly, and nearly crushed something in her hand as she turned resolutely away; and they, supposing her moody, or disturbed by something, allowed her silence to remain unbroken, while she sat there, sad and thoughtful. Sweet thoughts were they, which went wandering back to the time when she — the child of Dr. Arnold's sister, who had gone abroad, married, and died in a foreign land — had first entered this home. When coming from a distant land, its speech mingling with the words of imperfect English on her childish lips, she, the motherless, sad little child, had received the tenderest cherishing, till now every fibre of her heart twined round these precious friends and this happy home. Among these scenes and ties, those of her earlier home almost faded away. The memory of her mother was always sweet and sacred; but her father was remembered as a figure dark, erect, and handsome, and one who was often the cause of long hours of suffering to her mother, by his selfishness and ungovernable temper. Since her death, his child had shared little of his care or thoughts; and, so long as her wants were provided for, he considered his duty done by her. But, within a month, he had written to her that he should soon send for her; that he was lonely, and often ill, when no one was near whose care he could claim; that he had purchased an estate near a southern city, and wished her to be making preparations to leave soon, and join him where he was. This letter she had concealed from any one, hoping a change of plans might change his purpose: but three days before, on picking up a letter which her uncle had dropped from among a number of others, and recognizing the writing, though directed to him, and fearing it to be a repetition of her own, she had kept it, unperceived; and now it was in her hand, the cause of most miserable and conflicting feelings. Once she had risen to go to her uncle, and confess to him, and have the contents of the fatal letter made known; but he had entered the room as she rose. Bitter, bitter thoughts were they of leaving this home, so dear to her, of parting with these friends, and going away from the familiar intercourse with them, which had strengthened and purified her heart. By constant participation in the family joys and griefs, her heart claimed a right to be there, and a passionate resistance arose

within it towards the only one who had a right to tear her thence.

She remembered her aunt's anxiety, years ago, lest he should send for her : but Dr. Arnold had comforted her, saying " he was too fond of his freedom to wish to have the care of a child ; " and she knew the contents of the letter would give them pain.

Thinking thus, irresolute and unhappy, and feeling the dishonor of keeping back what belonged to another for any reason, she determined to speak to him at any cost. Just as she was resolving to do so, he gently put aside little Alice, and left the room to get something in his study. Hastily springing up, she followed him. When she had reached the study-door, he turned, and said, smiling, " Come in, child : why have you been so silent all the evening ? " She trembled violently as she came forward, with a deadly pallor in her face. " O Uncle Arnold ! I know it was wrong ; but you dropped this letter, and I have kept it ever since. " He looked sternly at her for a moment, as he took it from her extended hand ; and then, bursting into an uncontrollable fit of weeping, she sobbed out, as she flung herself on a sofa, " O uncle ! you wouldn't be angry if you knew how I suffer ! I knew what must be in the letter, and I could not bear to have it opened. I cannot go away from you. Oh ! you will *not* let me be sent away from this dear home, dear Uncle Arnold ? "

" Why, what is the matter, child ? " he said, with a perplexed look. " I have not thought of such a thing. I am displeased with you for keeping back the letter ; but I have not thought of your going away. But this is from your father, " he added, as he tore off the envelope ; and then said, after glancing hurriedly through it, " My *poor child*, I had hoped this never would have happened. This is, indeed, very, very hard. " In vain he tried to soothe her. The long-suppressed emotion burst forth, and shook every nerve in her quivering frame. Hearing her sobs, Mrs. Arnold, Kate, and Mary hurriedly entered the room, and eagerly pressed about her. From her broken words, and Dr. Arnold's agitated explanation, they soon learned the unhappy news. Kate, warm-hearted and impetuous, vehemently protested against losing " her precious cousin, " and suggested open defiance to any other person's right to her. Mary forgot her dignity, and cried as heartily as little Alice, who joined in the general grief before the reason of it was quite clear to her. Mrs. Arnold tear-

fully tried to raise and comfort the suffering girl ; while her husband said, " This is not the first letter I have received on the subject. I wrote one last month, in reply to one which he wrote me, hoping to change his intention about Linda ; but in this he decidedly refuses to allow her to remain. He has even hurried the time of her departure, and writes that she must be ready to go to him by the 16th of the month."

" Why, that is next week ! " said Kate, with a burst of weeping. " It is too *cruel* to take her away so soon ! "

" Hush, Kate ! " said her mother, sadly : " we cannot comfort our poor Linda by any unkind reflections upon her father. It may be that his heart is at last awakened to love and cherish her ; and it is no way to strengthen Linda for this hard duty to rebel against the sorrow and loneliness it causes us to give her up." But in vain talked gentle Mrs. Arnold. They saw how difficult it was for her to control her own feelings and act calmly, and they were unwilling to listen to any thing in favor of Linda's leaving them. They gathered round her, weeping, and increased her grief by their own. At last their father prevailed upon them to retire, and, seating himself beside Linda, folded his arms about her, and began to comfort her. " I know, my dear, this is a hard trial for you, and for us, who have loved you so well. I had hoped this would have always been your home ; but, if that cannot be, we must bear the separation bravely. It is difficult for us to see any good or happiness that may result to you from it ; but perhaps you are to be the messenger of good yourself." She ceased weeping, and raised her head, listening earnestly.

" It was only a few days ago that I heard you wishing to be the heroine of some great deed. Perhaps your wish is to be accomplished, though not in the way you would have chosen. It may be your mission, by gentle, unobtrusive goodness and affection, to win his heart to yourself, and afterward to a better and happier life. If you go to him, asking aid of Heaven to make you patient and unselfish, and strengthen your good influence upon him, I have no doubt you will be a heroine, and one of the best sort." And he smiled as he stroked back the hair from her sweet, sad face. A shadow lay upon it as she said, " O uncle ! if he will not love me, or let me do him any good, what shall I do then ? " In the grate, burning before them, lay a large piece of black, shining soft coal. He pointed to it as he said, " Look

at that piece of coal: it is dark and cold; yet see how those little jets of flame play about it! See how bravely they force themselves into its very heart! and by and by it will yield, and become a mass of heat itself. So with him: try to deserve and win his love, and I cannot doubt you will possess it; but, above all, ask continually for assistance from that Power without whose aid our mightiest efforts are feeble. Trust in him with a little child's confidence, and he will guide and protect you. But you are too weary to listen any longer, and must go to rest now." She rose somewhat comforted, though a heavy weight of pain still oppressed her, and took a candle from his hand as she received his good-night caress. They went slowly up the stairs, and parted at the door of her room, where she found her aunt anxiously awaiting her; and, after a few words of affectionate consolation and advice, she passed into her own room, and Linda was left alone. She sank into an easy-chair, pale and weary, but too excited to sleep. Her uncle's words had inspired her with courage and hope; but her heart clung to these friends and this home so fondly, that though no sacrifice *for* them would have seemed impossible to her generous nature, yet this parting seemed too difficult to bear. Every one in the household was dear to her, from the white-haired old man, whose dignity and goodness had won her reverence and love, to the little fairy Alice, whose dancing feet had followed hers in their summer rambles, — Kate, beautiful and impetuous Kate; Mary, calm as a moonbeam; Fred, with his teasing ways; but oh! more than all, the tender, cherishing love, which won all confidence to her, of gentle Auntie Arnold!

It was almost impossible to part with them, and go away to a strange home, and to a father little known, and feared. Yet, — the thought strayed into her heart like a sunbeam, — yet *God* would be there! — the same heavenly Father that had smoothed the way for her orphan feet so many years, the same guarding love to which she owed all things. She knelt and prayed; and all through her troubled slumbers she was conscious of a divine presence protecting her.

The days flew away rapidly, though many an impatient wish would have stayed the hurrying hours. So it is in life: the moments, so golden with hope and happiness, that we long to keep, some other heart, to whom they come laden with pain or darkness, may be wishing away.

On the last morning, excitement and suffering had so exhausted Linda, that she parted from her weeping friends like one in a dream. White and inanimate, she passed from one loving embrace to another.

And like one dreaming appeared the long journey; till her name, spoken loudly at the last station-house, aroused her, and, entering her father's carriage, she drove to her new home. She was almost bewildered by the change, and entered the broad hall looking about her with wonder. Every thing costly and elegant greeted her wherever she turned; and without, the country was spread out, a feast of beauty. But the feeling now uppermost was the desire to see her father. A servant said he was sleeping in the library; and thither she followed softly. Noiselessly she opened the door, and stood beside him. A crimson dressing-gown lay carelessly about him, and a crimson sofa-pillow supported his head. Tremblingly she looked down at the sleeping face. It had changed little since they had last met, and was marked by the same rare beauty, though the heavy rings of hair from the white brow were sprinkled with the frost of coming age; the same aristocratic cut of nose and mouth; the same white hand, resting upon the broad chest carelessly.

So intense was her gaze, that it seemed to disturb him, and he moved nervously. She went softly behind him, saying gently, "I am here, papa!" He raised himself languidly, motioned her to sit beside him, and began to remove her things, — talking about the journey, her uncle's family, in a careless, graceful way; saying, at last, "I am really glad to have you old enough to be with me here. I was tired of roaming about, and wanted a home of my own, — and that was tiresome, without company in the house; so I sent for you."

Poor Linda! was this the father she had come home to? It was not affection which had urged him to send for her, then, but a motive of selfish convenience. After he had rung a bell to order dinner, he said, "It will improve you very much to visit with the people about here; and I am thankful you have not grown to be large or coarse: I can't abide a vulgar-looking woman." And he folded his hands complacently. "As you are so fatigued, you shall go to your own room, and dine afterward." And he led her up the staircase to the door. It was tastefully furnished with every thing which could contribute to her com-

fort or convenience. An exquisite statue in one corner held a vase of rare green-house flowers; and before her little couch hung a picture of an old cathedral, with a woman kneeling at confessional, the sunset streaming in upon her flowing golden hair. Everywhere she turned, she met tokens of some tasteful presence. Surely her father was not regardless of her happiness, to take so much pains in the ordering of this room, sacred to her. But that idea was dispelled, when, after thanking him warmly, he said, laughing, that "that was an idea of a lady friend of his, who had amused herself purchasing and arranging things;" and henceforth she saw, that though no want was ungratified, yet affection suggested or bestowed nothing. She had hoped to minister to him daily, and become of use and comfort to him: but this was made impossible by his decided refusal of any little advance of the sort; and there seemed no way for this lonely heart to approach him.

Among the throng of gay people who now frequented the house, she looked eagerly, but in vain, for some true, earnest heart; and, thus constantly thrust back upon herself, she grew very unhappy, and wondered if there were any real feeling anywhere near her. And the longing grew painfully strong to fly back to that home which religion and love had made so blessed; and she required all its lessons of patience to keep herself still patient and cheerful. There was a void in every thing. Passionately fond of music, its continual study occupied much time; but the most brilliant melodies could not drown the voice of her heart crying mournfully for the lost happiness, — the lost love. There was but one sympathy father and child had in common; and that, their love of music. Once, hearing some sad, sweet melody coming up from the great parlor-organ, she had left her room, and, almost entranced, stood beside him, as he drew forth the mournful, thrilling melody, composing as was his frequent custom. She looked at him in amazement. His face grew wonderfully beautiful, as he continued playing, with a spiritual meaning that she could not understand, as if the strain were a revealing of himself of the inner life which nothing yet had seemed to reach. She drew nearer to him, and laid her arm timidly upon his shoulder; and then, unrepulsed, her cheek rested softly against his. A few moments more of the wonderful, powerful melody, and, as if suddenly aware of her presence, he dashed off into a merry song,

which struck so harshly upon her pained ear, that, with a cry of surprise and sorrow, she sprang away from him, and flew up the broad staircase to her room. She heard his strange laugh, and caught the words, "At some of her mother's romantic nonsense, I declare!"

But, when she came down to dinner, there was no trace of tears or sorrow upon the pale face. She attended politely to her father's guests, and somewhat surprised him by her graceful dignity. He did not know that a divine Counsellor and Comforter had drawn very near to her, and, lonely and sad as she had been, had strengthened and cheered the bowed spirit.

And now her whole thoughts centred round the wish to do some good, however small it might be; and little Elsie, the orphan child of an invalid laborer, became her especial charge. Her untiring efforts were rewarded by the rapid progress and enthusiastic love of the little creature; and the developing of the child's character was, to her, like the unfolding of some rare flower. Were she weary or ill, then came the tripping of childish feet beside her low couch, and the gleesome laugh was hushed into a voice of tender sweetness, and tiny hands passed lightly over the aching forehead; and, as the spring-flowers lifted their delicate beauty above the fresh verdure, Elsie's little fingers gathered the violets, fresh from their dewy baptism, and laid them beside the sufferer's pillow.

And, as she lay there, silent prayers for the dear absent ones mingled with thanksgiving for the rich possession of a child's pure love.

But illness soon came with a heavy hand upon her father. A severe attack of rheumatism confined him to the house, and stiffened the symmetrical limbs, and swelled the delicate hands; and this distress was met with execrations, that made the cheek of his daughter grow white as she heard them. During his illness, she took constant care of him herself, till her presence in the chamber of suffering became a necessity, and he watched her jealously if she left him for a moment.

By degrees, through his respect for her, the angry oaths changed to sullen ill-humor, but afterward to patient endurance, and his heart began slowly to awaken to love this child, whose patient unselfishness was mysterious to him. It was pleasant, when he grew convalescent, and, with the aid of crutches, could

reach the library, to recline, through the long summer afternoons, near the open window, with the fragrance of the gay flower-garden stealing into the room; it was pleasant to have her sitting near him, as he lay weary with pain, with some agreeable volume before her, reading aloud, in a clear, musical voice, or engaged with sewing, talking cheerfully and unconstrainedly with him, or listening to his descriptions of lands across the sea. And when the day had worn away to twilight, and through the hall, mingling with the rich notes of the organ, came her sweet, expressive singing, his heart yearned to her, with sad self-reproach that he had been so long unconscious of his treasure in her. Weakness grew of itself almost pleasant, and the very touch of her soft hand was dear to him. One Sunday evening they sat thus together, and she had brought a ponderous volume from the library. As he drew nearer to her, and laid his hand upon her shoulder, he said, "Papa is really growing old, Linda dear. Ain't you tired of staying with the cross old fellow?" She smiled back lovingly, as she caressed the head upon her shoulder, "Oh, no, father dear! I love to be with you, now that you" — She hesitated, and he finished the sentence for her. "Now that I love you, my child, you need not hesitate to say it. Yes, my daughter is very necessary to me. I have grown happier, and I hope better, lately." And he folded his arms about her; and, while her face wore an expression of sweet content, she whispered, "It was all our Father in heaven, papa. I *prayed* I might be good, and that you might love me." He was silent a moment, and then said, gently, "What great book have you there? Are you going to read me something?" She opened the volume, one she had never before read to him, and read the touching story of the betrayal and crucifixion, which seemed a poem to him, read in her earnest, reverent manner. And then this Bible-reading became a constant custom. Without request or repulse, she read daily to him, till he grew interested; and they talked together on points of belief, till she saw his whole character impressed with a serious respect for religion. As his health returned, he would not allow her to drive to church with little Elsie alone, but went with her himself; from the earnest, gifted minister's discourses receiving instruction and comfort that shed a divine light over the most trifling things, making hours golden with deeds that lived long after he had been recalled from life.

And for the lonely heart, which had endured and striven patiently and earnestly, she wrote to her uncle, "My dear father is quite well; and we are very, very happy. I am more grateful, every hour that I live, that Heaven brought me to him; though it was a bitter trial to leave you all, that I loved so. But I shall see you before another winter; for we mean to visit you, and take back one of my dear cousins with me. My little Elsie grows quite a wonderful child, and is as bewitching as ever, and a great pet with papa. Were I only *strong* now, I should have nothing left to wish for. About the cross, which seemed too heavy for me to bear, Heaven has wreathed never-withering immortelles, and into the bitter draught poured sweetness, which will linger on my lips for ever."

"Were I only strong," wrote Linda to her beloved friends. It was not alone the prayer of *her* heart. Another had taken up the plea, that, in prayer, had gone upward, "God, save me my child!" Was the flower to wither before his eyes, just as its bloom had grown more precious than any thing in life? Was the strain to die out, just as its sweetness had stolen into his heart? Was this young life, such a rich argosy of hope to him, to be taken away just as its mission had been recognized? In agony he watched the paling away of roses on the beloved cheek; the frail form, which grew more ethereal every day; the voice, whose sweetness was growing fainter and fainter, till she was forbidden to sing again. Once he had carried her into the parlor, as the heat was less oppressive there, and, in the darkened room, sang softly to her himself the melodies that she loved. Little Elsie had gathered ripe strawberries to tempt the failing appetite, and brought them, with purple grapes, upon a cool vine-leaf; but she refused, and lay almost unconscious. Her father knelt beside her, saying to little Elsie, "'Tis of no use to bring fruit now, Elsie, — she will soon have heavenly fruits; but for me" — He suppressed a groan, and left the room to conceal his agitation. When he came back, she said, softly, taking his hands in hers, "Don't you think I can see Auntie Arnold and the rest before I get very sick?" And, seeing the deathly whiteness in his face, she said, softly, "Don't suffer so, darling father! It is almost happy to die now, — only going from one home of peace and love to another. You shall go and live with uncle." And, too weary to talk more, she listened sadly, as he clung passionately to every

hope of her living. She did not contradict his assertion, that "he was sure she would not, *could* not, go from him;" but said, softly, "Take care of little Elsie, — you will, papa? — and believe that our Father only makes us suffer that we may be made pure enough to be *eternally* happy." He bowed his head as her whispered petition to Heaven went upward for the suffering father, and the dear little child, who would be so lonely when she was gone. Upon her finger was her mother's wedding-ring. She drew it off, and placed it on his hand.

It was Sunday afternoon; and on the air came the peal of distant church-bells, calling to a late service. Her father was supporting her head in his arms, on a pillow. Elsie sat on a cricket, fanning her gently, while her father held one of the emaciated hands. A brilliant sunset lightened up the western sky, opposite the window, and was slowly dying out. The flowers which little Elsie had fastened to the poor invalid's dress were withering, even as she was. Once or twice she had tried to speak, but could not. Weary with long watching, her father's eyes closed for a moment, and he slept, — but awoke suddenly, for the hand he held was so cold! As he looked down, a shiver passed through her frame, and the dim eyes, with a faint smile, were raised to his. He bent down and caught the last words, — "Dear papa!" Another faint struggle, and he carried her to the window; but, before he got there, the death-shadow lay over the shut eyes and white features. He hushed Elsie's passionate cry, and watched her in agony, as he laid her upon the sofa, and saw the gentle, immaculate spirit had taken flight to a purer atmosphere.

Two dark days passed over the mourning household; and then the white-robed, flower-decked figure was borne away from it.

And the good minister came with words of prayer and consolation, and stood over the broken earth at the foot of the garden, with the pale corpse beside him, the agonized friends around him, and lifted up his voice in the summer air.

And when the body was laid beneath the fresh greenness, while the twilight stole silently on, among the weeping friends, the stricken father went back to his lonely home, which had lost all joy for him, feeling an angelic presence near him from that time evermore.

A. E. F.

REMARKS ON ROMANS III. 25.*

IN order to understand certain portions of the New Testament, it is necessary to be well acquainted with the more ancient style of Hebrew thought and expression. The Old Testament is a dictionary in which to find the root and meaning of much of the phraseology contained in the New. The books of the New Testament, with possibly a single exception, were written by Jews, — by men whose early religious ideas and impressions were wholly derived from the venerable records of Moses and the prophets. The august and magnificent framework of the ancient religion — its altars, vessels, sacrifices, symbols, priesthood — had, from childhood, been the object of their profound veneration. It was, therefore, most natural for them, after they became Christians, to refer to it with frequency, and to illustrate by its various particulars the fundamental facts and spiritual truths of the new dispensation. Nothing could be more natural; and they constantly did it. They expressed the ideas which had come to them through the mediation of Christ, by forms of speech borrowed from the Scripture and ritual, in which all that they had previously known of religion was contained. They were quick to discover in the gospel counterparts to every thing which was especially sacred in their minds as Jews, whether ordinance, ceremony, or doctrine. The whole of the Epistle to the Hebrews is an example of this sort. But take, as an illustration, a single instance. The writer is comparing the new covenant with the old; and by referring to certain solemnities which attended the delivery of both, and by which their validity was established, he expresses his sense of the incomparable superiority of the former. His thought is this: The old covenant, inasmuch as it required mainly an external obedience, and was limited both in the sphere and the duration of its authority, and related chiefly to the life that now is, needed no higher form of ratification than the blood of goats and calves, — short-lived animals, without moral life; whilst the new covenant, being concerned about spiritual things, and designed to be the

* "Whom God hath set forth to be a propitiation, through faith in his blood, to declare his righteousness for the remission of sins that are past, through the forbearance of God."

foundation of an everlasting kingdom, and "to obtain eternal redemption for us," demanded, in order to affirm both its perpetuity and its perfection, to be sent forth sprinkled with the blood of a spotless and immortal being. "It was, therefore, necessary that the *patterns* of things in the heavens should be purified with these, but the heavenly things themselves with better sacrifices."

The passage under examination is to be interpreted by the same principle. The first word in it which claims attention is "propitiation." What is its meaning? or, rather, what is the meaning of the Greek word for which it here stands? We probably should not be able to answer this question, did we not know the meaning of its Hebrew equivalent. The word occurs in but a single other instance in the New Testament; but in the Septuagint it is often found, and always, without a single exception, is used, in one and the same sense, to denote one and the same thing; and never, never, in a solitary instance throughout the whole Bible, unless an exception is found in the passage before us, is it used in the sense of *propitiation*. There is entire uniformity upon this point. In classic Greek, the word, which is an adjective, is sometimes joined with a noun, so as to give the meaning of *propitiatory offering*, but never in the Greek of the Scriptures. Now, would Paul, who was a Jew, and writing to Jews, be likely to use the word in the heathen or in the Hebrew sense? Our translators answer, In the heathen. But there is no conceivable reason for their answering so. The Hebrew is not only that which was most natural to Paul, but also that which is most congruous to his argument, and most in harmony with the general spirit of the Epistles.

In the Hebrew sense, the word means *mercy-seat*; and it has no other meaning, let it again be repeated, in the Bible. It occurs, as we have said, in but a single other instance in the New Testament; and there it is translated, as it should be, *mercy-seat*. This instance is in Hebrews, — "the cherubims of glory shadowing the *mercy-seat*." The meaning in Romans, it cannot well be doubted, is the same as in Hebrews; and the translators, preserving the harmony of scriptural interpretation, should have given the same rendering.

For ourselves, we greatly prefer the Hebrew to the heathen signification, both on account of its more agreeable associations, and of the loftier idea it expresses. Our reading of this part of

the passage, then, is, "Whom God hath set forth to be a mercy-seat." The appropriateness of the figure to describe the office of Christ is obvious. The ancient mercy-seat of the tabernacle was placed on the top of the ark, forming a sort of cover to it. It was overlaid with pure gold. Two emblematic figures, called cherubims, stood, one at each end, face to face, and spread out their glittering wings so as to form for it a complete and graceful canopy. Here, in the space comprehended by the wings of these figures, and in the innermost sanctuary of the house, the divine glory dwelt, the divine will was announced. "Here," the Lord said to his servant Moses, "I will meet thee; and I will commune with thee, from above the mercy-seat, from between the two cherubims which are upon the ark of the testimony, of all things which I will give unto thee in commandment unto the children of Israel." Now, is it not evident that the true Israelite could have had holier associations with no place on earth than with this part of the house of God? It was to him the divine abode, — the very shrine of Jehovah. In his imagination, it was crowned with a glory above the brightness of the sun, and pervaded by an awfulness, as though it had been the very eye and ear of God. Toward this place he always worshipped. Here the high-priest, clothed with salvation, approached the high and holy One in behalf of the great congregation; and from this place his commandments were carried forth and proclaimed in the ears of the whole people. Significantly, then, — with how much significance, indeed! — does the great apostle speak of Jesus as the Christian's mercy-seat. From the whole scriptural vocabulary, there is no term which he could have selected better suited to impress upon the heart of a convert from Judaism the idea of the privilege and blessedness of the relation into which he had entered. Instead of that holy thing overshadowed with golden wings, material, inanimate, unconscious, through which his fathers had received divine communications and offered their worship to the God of holiness, that God had now set forth his own Son, in whom his spirit dwells in unmeasured fulness and power, to be a perpetual mercy-seat, — a living, spiritual, immortal medium of communication between God and man. Through him the divine glory is now manifested, the divine will proclaimed, the Father seen. We hear the apostle saying, in effect, to his Jewish brother, "We lift up our eyes no longer towards the most holy place in order to behold

the symbol of our God. The glory that once rested upon the ark has departed. From between the cherubic wings we shall no longer hear the voice of Divine Mercy. That oracle is silent for ever. With a new covenant, God has prepared a fitter ark, and with the ark a more glorious and blessed mercy-seat, in Jesus Christ."

It has been objected, that there is an incongruity between this use of the word and the expression "*set forth*" connected with it. This expression means, it is said, "openly exhibited," "held up to public view," "placed so as to be widely observed;" whereas the fact in regard to the ancient mercy-seat was directly the opposite of this. It was closely concealed from public view; there was no more aggravated sacrilege than for one not a priest to touch it; it was never exposed to the general gaze. Hence, it is argued, the apostle could not have used the words *set forth* in connection with mercy-seat, for this would utterly destroy the congruity of the figure.

This objection, however, is easily disposed of; for, in the first place, though the mercy-seat was concealed from public view, yet it occupied a high and prominent place above the ark; and, in the second place, as comparisons suggest contrasts as well as resemblances, nothing is more probable than that the apostle chose these very words in order to exhibit the contrast between the publicity in which the Christian mercy-seat stands out before the world, open to the approach of all, and the secrecy in which its Jewish type was veiled from human observation. Christ is not shut up from the eye of man in a mysterious and awful sanctuary, but he is openly manifested to all believing hearts. He does not announce the will of God to a priestly caste alone, but to all who have ears to hear. He is not God's voice to the Jewish people exclusively, but to all nations and ages. People and priest alike have access by him unto the Father. He is God's presence-place, — his ever-speaking oracle. Wherever his gospel is received, there he is set forth. To whomsoever goodness and truth are made known, he is manifested. No veil but that of impurity and sin hides him from the view of any. All the single-hearted behold him. He is the light of the world; and all who love light rather than darkness are drawn unto him.

And now, for the further elucidation of the subject, it is neces-

sary to look a moment at one of the ceremonies in the Jewish mode of making an offering for sin. The high-priest, in the first place, caused a cloud of incense to ascend from the altar, so as to cover the mercy-seat; then, dipping his fingers in the blood of the victim, he sprinkled it upon and before the mercy-seat. This was done, we conceive, in order to give solemnity and effect to the principal transaction; namely, *the confession of sins*. It was a ceremony which Moses prescribed as suited to bring the heart of the transgressor into a serious, tender, penitent state. It signified to him that he was unworthy to approach the holy place, the holy God, till he had done some act in token of his contrition. This, of course, led the Jew to ascribe a wonderful efficacy to the blood of the victim; and this, instead of his repentance and the mercy of God, he came by degrees to regard as the ground or reason of forgiveness. But was he right in this? and is the Christian right who takes a similar view of "the shedding of blood"? Let us pause a little upon this question. It is a serious, it is, indeed, a momentous, question. We would touch it reverently, and let no word concerning it pass heedlessly from our pen.

Those offerings of blood, then, under the old dispensation, — in what consisted their efficacy? Did their acceptance with Heaven depend on any thing inherent in them? Had the mere effusion of blood any intrinsic, essential, absolute worth in the sight of God? To test this point, suppose that the blood of a consecrated victim, instead of being offered by the priest, had been sacrilegiously taken by one of the people, or, in foolhardiness and levity, by the transgressor himself, and sprinkled before the altar; would there have been in it a power to reconcile the sinful soul to God, or any moral efficacy whatever? If we answer in the negative, we admit that the mere shedding of the blood of a consecrated victim was not sufficient to obtain remission of sins; that something else was necessary; that the mere outward act of atonement, that is, availed nothing *in and of itself*.

Is not this an important admission? It was evidently the object of those sacrifices to revive, call forth, and express religious sentiments. When they answered this purpose; when they excited right feelings towards God, and were truly symbols and confessions of a humble, penitent, devout heart, — then, and only then, were they instrumental in obtaining the favor of God. But,

failing of this, they were an offence unto him; and one of his prophets asks, in a tone of scorn, "To what purpose is the multitude of them?"

It was not the mere shedding of blood, then, in the ancient sacrifices, that obtained the remission of sins. The pouring or sprinkling of blood was simply the consecrated form of awakening and expressing that state of the heart which was, and is for evermore, the antecedent and procuring cause of remission and reconciliation. Its efficacy consisted not in any virtue it had in itself, but solely in the sentiments it excited and the spirit it symbolized.

We may now apply this view to the corresponding fact in the new dispensation. The blood of the Saviour, — what is its efficacy in the work of redemption? Full well we know —

" 'Twas love that bowed his fainting head,
And oped his gushing side."

But we ask, and the question is certainly pertinent, whether there was any power in his bloody death *alone*, independent of his life and doctrine, and independent of all its moral effect in those who contemplate it, to redeem mankind. If nothing had been remembered and recorded of him but simply the fact of his death upon the cross, and if even that had been forgotten, would that fact *of itself* have constituted a sufficient atonement, and obtained for the whole, or for any part, of the human race, the blessedness of heaven? This question, we conceive, goes to the bottom of the matter in controversy on the subject of the atonement; and, for ourselves, we cannot see how they who hold the popular form of that doctrine can consistently answer it otherwise than in the affirmative. Must they not believe that the naked fact of Christ's sufferings and death is the procuring cause of human redemption; consequently, that his doctrine and spirit are not indispensable to this end; and that the sentiments, dispositions, and conduct of man himself have nothing to do with it? Either Christ's sufferings and death are, in themselves, a sufficient atonement, or they are not. If they are, nothing else is essential; if they are not, then the important question arises, What else is required? And this is the only *practical* question in the case; and upon this there can hardly be a difference of opinion amongst professing Christians. For ourselves, we do not hesitate to answer the

above question in the negative. In all Christ's *life*, as well as in his death, we perceive an atoning virtue. In what he teaches us concerning God our Father; in his doctrine of the worth and immortality of the soul; of duty and its rewards; of unrepented sin and its terrible retributions; in that divine example, in which the highest conception of human goodness is realized, in which degraded and ruined man is enabled to see the original capacities of his nature, and its possible perfection, — in all this we behold "the grace of God which bringeth salvation." The blood of Christ avails us nothing, unless it produce in us a bleeding heart; his death nothing, unless it cause us with him to die daily to the sinful world. The idea of absolution purchased for man, without any thing done or to be done on his part, savors too much of that false religion from which Christianity would redeem the benighted world. Christ did not procure forgiveness for us by his death: he brought it with him from the bosom of his Father. It was the good tidings of great joy he was sent to proclaim unto all people; it was the burden of that evening song in Bethlehem which serenaded his advent; and the only terms on which it is offered to men are, *that they receive the Messenger; that they hear and obey his word; that they strive to obtain the fulness of his spirit; that they endeavor to live his life.*

We have maintained that the bloody offerings under the old dispensation had no efficacy in themselves. The sprinkling of the blood upon the mercy-seat was, *in itself*, nothing. Whenever, by the influence of those offerings, feelings of penitence, or gratitude or reverence towards God, were awakened, their purpose was answered; but, failing of this, they were of no more value than so much water would have been. The Jew, however, thought otherwise. He saw some mysterious efficacy in them, — a divine virtue, — a power of conciliating God. Now, to resume the exposition, it was in reference to this persuasion of the Jewish mind, and to the ancient custom before alluded to of sprinkling the mercy-seat, that the apostle connects with Christ *our* mercy-seat "faith in his *blood*." "You have trusted, O Israel!" his thought is, "in the efficacy of that blood which was sprinkled upon the mercy-seat for the remission of your sins. The new mercy-seat is likewise sprinkled with blood, — the blood of the Son of God, — more precious than that of all the animals that were ever slain for the altars of religion. Let the thought of that

blood lead you to repentance. Meditate upon the sacrifice till your heart is melted. Feel that once for all it has ratified your forgiveness, and that henceforth there will be no need of any sacrifice for sin but the sacrifice of a broken and contrite spirit.

“How much more affecting, how much better adapted to produce a serious, humble, penitent frame of mind, — the end of all sacrifices, — is the contemplation of the blood of Christ, of his death on the cross, and of the soul that breathed there in love, that breathed itself out into the bosom of God, than that of all the hecatombs that ever smoked! Think no more, then, of the blood of goats and lambs. In vain will you sprinkle it on your forsaken mercy-seat. The institution to which this custom belonged is effete, dead. The blood of Christ now cleanseth from all unrighteousness. Bring, therefore, no more vain oblations. In burnt-offerings and sacrifices for sin God has no pleasure. Having, therefore, boldness to enter into the holiest by the blood of Jesus, by a new and living way, which he hath consecrated for us, let us draw near with a true heart, in full assurance of faith, having our hearts sprinkled from an evil conscience.”

The rest of the passage is in these words: “To declare his righteousness for the remission of sins that are past, through the forbearance of God.” There is some difficulty in determining the exact construction and interpretation of this clause. It, however, evidently contains a statement of the grand purpose or end of the Saviour’s mission; namely, to make known the righteousness of God, — the righteousness which God requires, and which, in his infinite forbearance, he will accept as the condition of remission of all past sins. As, of old, God’s righteous law was made known, and forgiveness assured, through the mercy-seat that stood above the ark; so, now, the righteousness which is by faith in Jesus Christ, and in consideration of which God is pleased to remit sin, is revealed through the Christian mercy-seat. The meaning of the whole passage may, perhaps, be expressed in the following paraphrase: “Whom God hath set before the world as a mercy-seat to all who have faith in him, sprinkled not with the blood of a victim, but with his own most precious blood, that, through him, he might declare the righteousness which, in his forbearance, he will accept for the remission of sins that are past.”

Taking leave of the passage, we now add a word on the general subject.

The remission of sin ! Amongst the moral wants of man, some assurance that his sins are forgiven has always been one of the deepest and most painful. To procure it, there is no effort, no degree of humiliation and self-torture, no method of atonement, to which mankind have not resorted. Such is the nature of the soul, that it cannot easily bear separation from its divine Parent, — cannot endure a state of opposition to the great Power on whom it lives ; and though continually, through weakness and temptation, it consents to acts of hostility, yet as constantly does it sigh for forgiveness, and strive to avert the dreaded punishment. No, it is not natural for man to be at variance with his Maker, and in arms against his authority ; it is not natural for him to stand with face averted from the First Good and the First Fair. And, when he actually falls into this condition, — as, alas ! too often he does, — he has no peace, nothing that even seems like peace, except in efforts to regain his lost standing, — to obtain the pardon of his iniquity, and the favor of his Sovereign. What other explanation can be given of the vast system of religious sacrifices, everywhere, apparently, having one object, though varying in its details ? — a system which is so universal as to prove it to be either an original divine institution, spread by tradition till it covered the whole earth, or the natural expression of the common longing of the soul for forgiveness and reconciliation with God. If we open almost any of the writings of the ancients, — their poems, their histories, their philosophical treatises, their discourses of morals, — we are struck with the evidence which they all furnish of the reality, the intense reality, of this want. And it is not limited to the ancient world. The deluges and fires and revolutions of the centuries have not destroyed it ; civilization, in its triumphal march, has not overrun and trodden it out ; the boasted philosophies of the ages have not extinguished nor appeased it : but all men feel it still ; all, at times, are perplexed and distressed with the sense, or the dread, of separation from the Infinite Good, — distressed by the feeling that sin has bedimmed the vision they might else have had of Him who alone is holy, — distressed by the upbraidings of that conscience which is the mysterious voice of God in the soul ; and as they sit down alone, and meditate and weep, their secret, importunate prayer is, “ O that I might be brought *nigh* unto Him ;

that I might see again the light of his countenance; that this cloud might be driven away by the breath of his mercy; that this dark mountain might be lifted from its foundations, and cast into the sea! Then should I be at rest; then should I rejoice in the Lord, and triumph in the God of my salvation."

Now, to one in this state, burdened, moreover, by the knowledge that soon he must pass into the world unknown, and be brought before the tribunal of the great Judge, can there be imagined a more grateful boon than a direct promise from God, authenticated in the strongest possible manner, to the effect that all his transgressions shall be forgiven; that his sins, though they be as scarlet, shall be white as wool; *provided only*, that the Bearer of the message be received in his true character, and his word, which is the eternal law of righteousness, be obeyed? This promise has been made; through the new mercy-seat, it has been promulgated; the blood of Jesus has sealed it. It stands whilst the world stands, and for evermore, the PROMISE AND OATH OF GOD! And there is no greater mercy for man this side the grave.

J. W. T.

LIVING WATER.

TRANSLATION OF A SERMON BY THE LATE REV. ADOLPHE MONOD.

JOHN vii. 37: "If any man thirst, let him come unto me, and drink."

Is there one here who thirsts; one who thirsts for joy, and who has never found pleasures that could satisfy him; one who thirsts for light, and who has never been able to fathom any subject; one who thirsts for love, and who has never been able to exchange all his heart with the heart of another; one who thirsts for holiness, and who has never been able to free himself from the entanglements of sin; one, in fine, who is exhausted in pursuing an end which he has not attained, and despairs of ever attaining? All ye who thirst, listen to Jesus Christ, your Brother and your God, — your brother to feel your pain, and your God to heal it, — who calls you, in the name of this thirst which devours you, to satisfy it in himself; and who will measure his supplies according to the feeling of need with which you come to him. "If any man thirst, let him come unto me, and drink."

There is something in these words of the Holy Spirit which we fear to mar in touching; and it is not without a kind of reluctance that I attempt to develop the tender invitation of the Saviour. I would wish to preserve the instinctive longing with which each heart opens itself to this invitation, as the thirsty earth to a penetrating rain, without adding those human reasons, which are available only on the condition of mingling with the celestial unction something of the grossness of earth. Indeed, I would gladly be as "a Quaker" before my text, and to the discourse would prefer a half-hour of silence, could I flatter myself that it would be passed in "those groanings which cannot be uttered, whereby the Spirit maketh intercession for us." But I have this confidence in only a small number of you. What the greater part will not do alone, I have the heart to do, — I say not for you, but with you, — and I do it with a more than ordinary desire to bring to you, not the work of human wisdom, but the fruit of the word of God, interrogated by prayer, and illustrated by the life.

Thirst supposes two things, — a need felt within; without, nothing to satisfy it. If any thing outward responds to this need, thirst gives place to satisfaction, and becomes a source of happiness: if there is no inward need, thirst gives place to indifference, and ceases, at least, to be a source of pain. But to desire without obtaining, to seek without finding, to will without power to perform, — this is the thirst. Alas! this is the present condition of man; our condition; yours and mine. In our hearts, an immense void; in life, nothing to fill it; at most, only a few meagre and deceitful pleasures, which lose themselves in this void, as a dry leaf in Niagara.

Our heart, — oh! is there any thing more insatiable? but is there also any thing more unsatisfied? Name, if you can, one of our aspirations which is not turned into bitterness by the deceptions it encounters. All these thirsts which torment us, and which the mere reading of my text hath awakened in you, are so many natural faculties which have appealed to existence, and to which existence has not responded.

The thirst for joy, — despair of the sense of enjoying. Let us leave to "a science, falsely so named," its proud and superficial contempt for the physical man; let us learn from the Scriptures to render more justice to this body, formed from the dust of the

earth, but from dust which the hand of God hath organized, and into which the Spirit of God hath breathed life; to this body, whose marvellous structure the Psalmist loves to recount, and whose growths, confided to the maternal womb until the day when the mystery of birth reveals the still greater mystery of life, God has not disdained to inscribe in his word. In the plans of a Creator, whose "goodness extends over all his works," the members of this body, the abode and instrument of the mind, should be only means of legitimate enjoyment, and of an activity as joyous as beneficial. But what do they, in reality, become? Granting they may not be put to the service of pain by sickness or by accident, by the gradual disturbance or sudden interruption of this beautiful order of creation, at least they become blunted, and wear themselves out by age, which is simply the regular and proper development of our being. Strange and cruel thing! The simple movement of life within us gradually destroys the enjoyment for which the body was given us, until it destroys life itself.

I thirst, — the thirst for light, — despair of the faculty of knowing. This curious impulse, which, from our birth, urges us to inquire of the world, of ourselves, of the invisible God who made all things; this impulse, equally felt in simple childhood, where it furnishes to the instructor an easy starting-point, and in the studies of mature life, where it serves as the incentive to all researches, and the base of all science; this impulse, which pauses only at the most distant limits of time and space, and with the solution of all the great problems of the human mind; — what do I say? This impulse even then cannot pause (its life is in progress); and, rather than limit itself, it throws itself into the void, exclaiming, "Enough! why all this immense apparatus?" To end, in fine, with knowing the little that we know, you or I, poor creatures! bounded in front by weakness, and behind by fatigue; on the right hand by the brevity of time, and on the left by the necessities of this life; and, on all sides, by an invincible ignorance, or at most, in case of rare peculiar exceptions, to end with the knowledge of an Aristotle, a Jerome, a Descartes, a Leibnitz; — that is to say, of one who has a little more perfectly learnt his own ignorance, by using his genius and employing his labors in vain efforts to understand, not, indeed, the mystery of the divine perfections or the spots upon the sun,

but the human soul, or the blade of grass which shoots up at his feet.

I thirst, — the thirst for love, — despair of the faculty of loving. If there is any thing which distinguishes us from creatures of an inferior order; any thing which proclaims us "the offspring of the God in whom we live and move and have our being;" any thing which enables us to relish the sentiment, the felicity, the glory, of existence, — it is surely this mysterious and tender faculty which we possess of doubling life, by going out of ourselves and living in another: this is love. To love with neither a sensual nor a selfish love, which is but a disguised egotism, but with a love which has its source and type in God, — thus to love is to reflect the image of Him who is love: it is to bring heaven down to earth. Yes: but this love, such as the heart of man calls for and aspires to; a love which charms without misleading it; which inundates without intoxicating it; which controls it without destroying its self-control; true, pure, holy, divine love, — where do you find it, where seek for it, here below? Ah! tell me, if you know. Have you been so privileged as to find a being to whom you have been able to give all your heart in return for his, without reserve, without hesitation, without intermission, as the heart of man desires to give itself, to be able to say, "I love, and am happy in loving"? Have you found a being, perhaps the most amiable and most loving that earth can offer you, who so fills your capacity of loving that you are satisfied, and you can think of none more worthy to occupy a heart upon which nothing weighs so heavily as solitude, except the giving of itself by halves, and which ever seeks, with a perseverance as indefatigable as fruitless, where to give itself wholly?

I thirst, — the thirst for holiness, — despair of the faculty of well-doing. If the mind is the salt of existence, and the heart its charm, conscience makes its worth. The supreme ambition of imitating God thrice holy; the resolution to submit all to his will; to rule every thing according to his law, cost what it may; — this is the most profound, the most imperious, the most inalienable need of human nature, and without doubt, believe me, the most assured, by the faithfulness of God himself, of a complete satisfaction. Complete satisfaction! Alas! and do you not see the bitter smile which this promise has provoked from the

best among you, who are the most discontented with yourselves? Believe one whom none ever surpassed in holiness, perhaps never equalled. Listen to St. Paul, as he spreads before the church of his own times, and that of the future, the testimony of his own powerlessness, — a powerlessness past, I grant, but which he would not have expressed in these terms, if he had not felt something of it at the moment, when, through the inspiration of the Spirit, he wrote these words: "The law is spiritual; but I am carnal, — sold under sin. For that which I do, I allow not: for what I would, that I do not; but what I hate, that do I. If, then, I do that which I would not, I consent unto the law that it is good. For I know that in me dwelleth no good thing: to will is present with me; but how to perform that which is good, I find not. For the good that I would, I do not; but the evil which I would not, that I do." When St. Paul thus speaks, — what did I say? — when he weeps in this manner over human nature, it is surely superfluous to gather, one by one, the humiliating confessions of a Socrates, a Kant, an Augustine, or a Luther. Indeed, the testimony of your conscience, questioned in good faith, is sufficient. When have you ever realized your ideal of holiness? When have you been able to order, according to the divine law, your thoughts, your words, your actions even? When have you been able to do all you desire, all that you ought, all that you are able? Ah! who will not acknowledge, however little he may be sincere with himself, that at this point, where the realization of our wishes is the most necessary, and in appearance the most promising, there we invariably fail? Who can recall what he ought to be in piety, in purity, in patience, and not exclaim, from the depths of his soul, "I thirst"? I thirst: this is ever the conclusion, when we compare the needs of the heart with the realities of life. Such is the disproportion, I would say such the contrast, between the two halves of our existence, that we can hardly persuade ourselves they were made for each other. Give me the heart of man, — this heart, so great, so ambitious, so ardent: never, no, never, would I present to it, for a scene of action, this life of ours. Give me, on the other hand, this life, such as it is, — this life, so contracted, so cold, so soon exhausted: never, no, never, would I give, for an actor in it, the heart we feel beating within us. We might call it an ill-sorted union, where the forced agreement only serves to

set off the incompatibility of the tempers; and we might be tempted to believe (if we did not learn from the gospel the secret of this disagreement) that this heart was made for another world, and this world for another heart, and that they were thrown together in strange and blind confusion. However it may be, one thing is certain: The cup of life — sweet, perhaps, to him who only sips it — has for him who drinks it, even to the dregs, a bitter lye, which inexperience calls deception, — and experience, melancholy. Melancholy is not, as the vulgar esteem it, the idle dream of a diseased brain: it is the reflecting consciousness of a disease too real. It is not in a man over-excited: it is in humanity which understands itself. Present with us, although unequally felt, and more unequally recognized; growing in apparent tranquillity, in proportion to its loss of hope, — melancholy is the last word of earthly existence; and those upon whom it weighs most are the privileged minds and hearts, who, more interested than others in the true end of man, understand better also the difficulty of attaining it. This melancholy breathes in all human things, even in the best, — in the meditations of philosophy, in the conceptions of poetry, in the creations of the artist, in the designs of the statesman, in the solitude of the individual, in the deceits of society; in marriage, and in the family; in birth, and in education; in the commencement and in the end of every enterprise; in our sorrows, and in our pleasures, — above all, in our pleasures; in the development of this life always dying, and which exists as a taper only on condition of consuming itself. What do I say? It breathes in Nature herself, in the animal which reposes, in the flower which droops, in the leaf which falls, in the water which flows, in the day which declines, in the season which renews itself, — in fine, in all these incessant changes of which existence consists, — displacing one another, following and nourishing each other.

Regard not this language only as an elegy of life: it is not elegy; it is experience. Poetic fiction inverts the order of things: it embellishes life before knowing it, and smiles at a painting, whose colors the real world has not furnished. Find me a heart which still expects life to satisfy it: it will be, I tell you beforehand, some youth taking his first steps in the valley, and gathering there his first flower; some young artist reviewing his first *chef-d'œuvre*, some young troubadour chanting his first

poem, or perhaps a youthful couple enjoying their honeymoon. Ah, well, amiable youth! even in your illusions, go; complete your experiences, if they are not yet completed; harmonize the inward and outward, if you can; satisfy your eye with seeing, and your ear with hearing; gratify to the utmost your desire for knowledge; find the being who can respond in all points to your need of loving; realize the moral ideal after which you still aspire; find, in short, all the good your heart demands, and, having found it, keep it: then come and undeceive me; I await you. But we mature men, — our experiences are completed. Ah, well! we find nothing to surpass them in the *début* so profoundly sad, but no less profoundly true, of the Preacher: "Vanity of vanities; all is vanity. I have seen all the works that are done under the sun; and, behold, all is vanity and vexation of spirit. Then I looked on all the works that my hands had wrought, and on the labor that I had labored to do; and, behold, all was vanity and vexation of spirit. Therefore I hated life; for all is vanity." We have asked, and have not obtained; we have cried, and no one hath answered us: we thirst. All that we have thrown into the void of our hearts has only increased it. All this, with which we have attempted to quench the thirst of our hearts, has only irritated it. We thirst: not only life fails to satisfy us; we have so well learnt that it has not what we claim, that we ask for it no longer. We thirst: as the result of all our researches, and the end of all our sighs, behold the heart, thirsty and longing, before an existence which has only ceased to delude us by ceasing to content us! We thirst, — always thirst; more and more we thirst!

This perpetual contradiction between the heart and life at length becomes intolerable. To rest thus is impossible: we must find deliverance from it at any price. Man has only a choice of these two means: either he must discover a life elevated to the level of the heart; or, if this life does not exist, he must bring down the heart to the level of the life. Degrade the heart to the level of the life: that is the vulgar means, to which nine-tenths of the human race have recourse. Is the heart too great for life? What shall we do with it? We must fit it to its place; we must learn to regulate our needs according to the gifts of life, as one trims the too-luxuriant branches of trees in the hedge at Versailles until they form a perfect line, or as the

barbarian Procrustes fitted his victims to his bed. Our physical nature is endowed with a power of sensation, a capacity for joy, as sweet as delicate, but which finds not in the things of earth pleasures worthy of it. Ah, well! it must at least content itself, and reduce the admirable machine of the natural man to the proportions of the beast, who shuts himself up within the satisfaction of his wants and appetites. Our mind has a power of inquiring and learning, which obliges it ever to seek, and allows it here below no place of repose. Ah, well! we must restrain this importunate curiosity; we must turn the thirst of study into the ardor of commercial speculations or political discussions; and busy our disappointed intellects in turning upon themselves, without end or fruit, as the unhappy squirrel condemned to dizzy himself by the constant movement of the wheel which serves him for a cage. Our heart has a power of loving, which the best of creatures only serve to irritate by their powerlessness to satisfy it. Ah, well! we must bid adieu to love; we must make a heart less difficult; we must accommodate ourselves in affection to the measure received, just as (excuse my comparison) the ox or the horse accommodates himself to his fare. Our conscience has a power of holy obedience, which knows no height too great for its sublime flight, but which cannot take wing without encountering at each step the hidden snares in the depths of the soul, the suggestions of evil, or the temptations of a corrupt society. Ah, well! we must clip the wings; we must bid adieu to a chimerical perfection; we must be resigned to live as all the world lives, and take sides with ourselves, provided that we avoid the excesses of gross sensuality, of sordid avarice, of a foolish prodigality, or of a shameless egotism.

We do not say all this to ourselves, but we act in this spirit; we do not propose to ourselves this ignoble end, but we tend to it by a vague instinct. Alas! we finish by attaining it. Thus form themselves, I should say deform themselves, men who need nothing to make them men but to be men; who despoil themselves insensibly of the image of God graven within them, to conform to the fallen race, in the bosom of which they are cast; men who have learnt, as they say, to be a law unto themselves, and who retain no more of sentiment, of curiosity, of love, than they find on the surface of things, — things of which they ought to be the masters, but of which they are the slaves.

One such man, who has consented thus to mutilate himself, is a spectacle pitiful enough; but what shall we say of a whole race who are willing to perform upon themselves this shameful operation? And what other picture does the world everywhere present, than the perpetual and infinite movement of a multitude rending the heart, to make it correspond with life? If, from the bosom of the multitude, there arise some noble spirits who prefer to keep their thirst, with all the torments which it occasions them, rather than to be delivered from it by humiliating themselves, — they even, can they flatter themselves to remain firm to their noble resolution? Is there even one, who, protected from the general degradation, will not, in any measure, lower himself to conform to custom, to example, to opinion, to necessity; in a word, to that which is, because it is?

Let us not condemn human nature: it is here more worthy of our pity than indignation. Moreover, the force of circumstances obliges the heart to conform to the life: there remains no other resource than gradually to smother our heart in the stifling atmosphere of life, at least if we know no means of renewing, on the contrary, the life at the altar of the heart. Instead of lowering the heart to the level of the life, elevate the life to the level of the heart. Behold, behold, in this terrible conflict, the sole solution worthy of us, because it is alone capable of satisfying without humiliating us. But this solution, — is it practicable? It is, for it ought to be; it is, for something within us promises it to us on the part of God; it is, for God has declared it through the organ of his Son, — this, his other self. If any one thirst, what shall he do? Suppress his thirst? No; but give it free course, and satisfy it in Jesus Christ. "If any man thirst, let him come unto me, and drink." There is, thanks to God! — there is a life which responds fully to all the needs of the human heart, to its most elevated instincts: this life is in Jesus Christ, from whom it communicates itself to us by faith.

Of all the men nourished by earth, who has given to us in his person the example — we say, rather, the most perfect type — of inward peace and harmony? I have already your answer: "The man Christ Jesus." This is the name which St. Paul gave to the Son of God, contemplated in the humble perfection of his human nature. This peace, this harmony, implies that the heart of the "man Christ Jesus," unlike ours, found a life which responded to it in all points. This life, — what was it? It was

not the earthly life: the earthly life of Jesus was the one of all others in which this want of harmony between the inward necessities and the outward satisfaction was at the same time most apparent and most felt. No other had a heart so great; to no other was life so bitter. Jesus Christ, whom Pilate more faithfully delineated than he thought himself, in saying to the Jews, "Behold the man!" — Jesus Christ is not merely a man: he is *the* man; the most human of men; the man in whom humanity is perfectly represented, and in whom its distinctive characteristics are revealed in their highest perfection. Every part of his being — conscience, heart, mind, body even — was framed with a fitness and exquisite delicacy, which, while it opened to him more than to others the sweets — dare I say the joys? — of life for which normal humanity is formed, at the same time exposed him more than any other also to the endurance of the privations and sufferings belonging to fallen humanity. When from this Son of man, at the end of his course, where all was to be accomplished by him and for him, escapes the cry announced by the Scriptures a thousand years before, "I thirst!" it expressed, need I say, more than a material need, which a little water gathered from the bosom of our poor earth could satisfy. The physical thirst of Jesus is an emblem of a thirst far more bitter and profound which pervaded his entire human nature. Thirst for happiness, thirst for light, thirst for love, thirst for holiness, — all these thirsts, which consume us, centred in him their heats; and no one ever felt a need equal to his, either of enjoying existence without alloy, of contemplating truth without a shadow, of loving and being loved without reserve, or of enjoying communion with God without a cloud. This thirst of thirsts, — is it appeased? Alas! a sponge dipped in vinegar, as the Scriptures foretold, — that is all the divine, crucified One obtained, in his agony, from the mercy of his crucifiers. "They have given me gall for my repast; and, in my thirst, vinegar to drink." This gall, this vinegar, are, in their turn, emblems of the response which the earth made to the thirst which devoured the Son of man. To his thirst for joy, it responds by this cup, which he cannot drink without the prayer, "Father, if it be possible, let this cup pass from me!" To his thirst for light, it responds by this darkness which veils the sun; a mysterious emblem of the darkness which in this hour obscures the plans of the divine justice, and by which the Son of God himself is overwhelmed. "Hide not thy face from thy servant!

My heart is overwhelmed; the light of mine eyes is gone out!" To his thirst for love, appealing to a world cursed by the expiatory sacrifice of himself, it responds — this ungrateful world — by the indifference with which it turns from its victim, by the cowardice with which it abandons him, by the perfidy with which it betrays him, by the hatred with which it condemns him, by the fury with which it kills him. "They have pierced my hands and my feet." "Even he which did eat of my bread hath lifted up his heel against me." "Reproach hath broken my heart, and I am full of heaviness. And I looked for some to take pity, but there was none; and for comforters, but I found none." Does he take shelter in the bosom of his God and his Father; to his thirst for holy communion with his God and Father, it responds by these sins, without number or measure, which are discharged upon his innocent head, calling down upon him the celestial vengeance, and which weigh with an insupportable weight upon the prayer even of his soul: "My iniquities have gone over my head; they are heavier than I can bear." "My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me? — why art thou so far from my deliverance, and the words of my roaring?"

But, if the earthly life of the "man Christ Jesus" increased his thirst instead of satisfying it, what is, then, this other life which satisfied it, — which steeps, which inundates, the heart with peace and harmony? This other life is that which he contemplates in the sixteenth Psalm as following his resurrection from the dead, — "Thou wilt show me the path of life;" that which, in Isaiah, the Father promises him as the reward of his sacrifice, — "After he shall have given his soul an offering for sin, he shall prolong his days;" that, in fine, by which the apostle explains to us the secret of his renouncement of life, and of the glory of this world, — "Looking unto Jesus, the author and finisher of our faith; who, for the joy that was set before him, endured the cross, despising the shame, and is set down at the right hand of the throne of God." Across this earthly life Jesus discovers another, rendered transparent by faith, different in its design, upon which he is yet to enter; a life made for his heart, as his heart was made for it; a life which his thirst has only to wait for to be satisfied according to his desire. If he thirsts for joy, here in this new life "is a fulness of joy in the presence of God, and at his right hand pleasures for evermore." If he thirsts for light, here is every veil raised, and the fulness of the divine truth resplendent in

him and for him. If he thirsts for love, here is the company of his redeemed ones returning love for love, and repeating among themselves and with the holy angels the lesson of love which they have learnt of him. If he thirsts for communion with God, here is the Father crowning the Son with his ineffable glory, and the Son fulfilling the holy will of the Father in a redeemed and renewed creation. To the thirst of the crucified Son of man, the earth responds only by the gall and the vinegar. Look a little higher, a little farther, and you will see Heaven responding to him by its "open windows;" emptying itself into the divine capacity of the Son of man, which the sufferings of the flesh and the sacrifice of the cross have tormented only to increase.

Behold Him who says to you, — to you who thirst to-day as he thirsted, — "If any man thirst, let him come unto me, and drink"! This eternal life, in the bosom of which he restores the harmony of his existence, which the earthly life has broken, is not for himself alone: it is for these poor fallen creatures, who have marred life and troubled the earth by their sin, that he has conquered. Let them believe alone in him; let them throw themselves without reserve into the arms of this Son of God, become the Son of man that he might redeem them; let them be "determined to know nothing but Jesus Christ, and him crucified;" no righteousness but his obedience; no other expiation than his sacrifice; no other salvation than his grace, and his grace all-gratuitous: let them do this, and he will divide with them all that he has received of the Father, and communicate to them, in place of this death which they have merited for him, this life which he has merited for them. In the most prophetic of all the prophetic Psalms which I have quoted, hardly does he commence to rejoice in the deliverance which God has reserved for him after all his sufferings, than, passing at once from himself to his brethren, he guarantees the life of their heart in the life of his own: "Your heart shall live for ever;" a promise which he renews in St. John eleven centuries later: "Because I live, ye shall live also." "He who hath the Son hath life," — the life of the Son, the life which responds to the heart, the life which is life. What if this life is to-day "hid with Christ in God;" the morrow will reveal it to you: "when Christ, who is your life, shall appear, ye shall appear also with him in glory." All that you need, to quench the thirst which consumes you, is to make the life of Jesus your own. You thirst for holiness: here is what will satisfy you. Ah!

who will then trouble your obedience? The spectacle which you have before your eyes? "You are heirs of a new heaven and new earth, wherein dwelleth righteousness." The Tempter? He cannot follow where you go; and "he has no more any thing in you, because he had nothing in Jesus." Your own corruption? It has given place to the Spirit of God, which fills you in this measure "without measure," which is the portion of Jesus. Your companions? You are in the company of the elect of the earth, freed from sin; of the angels of heaven, who have never sinned; what do I say? in the presence of this Saviour, whom both worship, and to whom you have been made like, because you will see him as he is. Pure as he is pure, holy as he is holy, one with him as he is one with the Father, you "hunger and thirst after righteousness" but "to be filled" with all the fulness of God. You thirst for love: here is what will satisfy you. You have not been able to find here below any one lovely and loving enough to respond to the capacity of your heart; but with this Son of man, who is in heaven lovely enough to make the delight of eternal love loving even unto death and the death of the cross, the difficulty is of a different kind. You seek vainly in yourself a heart capable of containing all the love with which he inspires it, and which overflows it on all sides, — to say nothing of the love with which, after him and in him, his creatures, sanctified and transformed into his resemblance, inspire you. In the bosom of this celestial family, of which no family on earth can give you any idea, you will live in love, you will live upon love, you will be love, as God himself. You thirst for light: here is what will satisfy you, — this Jesus, in whom "are hidden all the treasures of wisdom and knowledge." If you are able always to interrogate him, will not your craving for knowledge be satisfied as soon as felt? Ah, well! think of yourself, admitted to constant communion with him; free to interrogate him at your ease, — him, glorified, and no longer such as his disciples interrogated in the days of his flesh, when this mortal flesh put itself between him and them; you, glorified with him, and no longer imprisoned in this mortal frame, which seems sometimes, such is its insufficiency, to be less an aid than an obstacle to the truth, and to intercept it rather than to discover it. But Jesus promises you more yet. "In that day ye shall ask me nothing:" nothing shall hide itself from your view, — all filled with the living light of God. You thirst, in short, for happiness, and a happiness which satisfies the

whole man: here is what satisfies you. The joy which Jesus reserves for you, in the place which he has gone to prepare for you, is for the whole man; for his body raised, as well as for his spirit sanctified. Philosophy promises you (if it is able to promise you any thing) only a cold immortality, where the soul, separated from the body, can pretend at most to an existence incomplete and incomprehensible, while it seems obliged to consume itself running after its other half. The gospel of Jesus calls you to live again in a body, which the apostle, in turn, calls celestial, glorious, incorruptible, and, in short, spiritual, as if he despaired of defining it otherwise than by an indefinable contradiction; in a body of which all the powers at the same time, exalted and purified, serve with an equal aptitude the glory of God and your own highest good; in a body, in fine, nourished from "the new fruit in the kingdom of heaven, seated at the table with Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob," and beholding, face to face, the object of their faith and yours. What more can I say? Leaning upon this inexhaustible source of holiness, of love, of light, and of joy, which is in Jesus, you have only to bend to drink long draughts of all this for which you thirst, of all for which henceforth you will thirst. But what do I in attempting to paint the things which "eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, — which the heart of man hath not conceived"? Let us confine ourselves to the words of our Saviour: he knows of what we are made, and understands this thirst, of which he has partaken with us. He promises that we shall be satisfied: let that suffice. He promises it here in this life, in the magnificent language of the prophet announcing his first coming: "When the poor and needy seek water and find none, and their tongue faileth for thirst, I the Lord will hear them, I the God of Israel will not forsake them. I will open rivers in high places, and fountains in the midst of the valleys: I will make the wilderness a pool of water, and the dry land springs of water." He promises it hereafter, in the tender invitations of the apostle-prophet announcing his second coming: "I will give unto him that is athirst of the fountain of the water of life freely." "And the Spirit and the bride say, Come. And let him that heareth say, Come. And let him that is athirst come. And whosoever will, let him take the water of life freely." "They shall hunger and thirst no more; neither shall the sun light on them, nor any heat. For the Lamb which is in the midst of the throne shall feed them,

and shall lead them unto living fountains of water." What do we need more? Let us to-day seek, by these imperfect means, to conceive of all that could fill the void of our hearts; but, that done, let us say truly, that "God can do abundantly above all that we are able to ask, or even think." The earth is not more truly below the heavens, than are our most ardent wishes and boldest hopes below the living reality that Jesus will enable us to find in him, with him, hereafter, when this veil of flesh which separates us from him is removed. Deliver thyself then, without fear, O my soul! to the ambition which works within thee; spread thy wings in infinite space; open thy mouth wide; wish, ask, demand, and despair of nothing but the power of receiving in its fulness the satisfaction promised you in this other life, which God has placed before his Christ, and which Christ offers you: "If any man thirst, let him come unto me, and drink."

Yes, to-morrow! But to-day! Between our hearts, and this celestial life which would satisfy it, why the barrier of this earthly life, intercepting so cruelly the anticipated satisfaction, — this life, short for eternity, but so long for time; above all, when one suffers, — this life, less painful from the sufferings with which it abounds, than from all of void and imperfection which it offers to a being who can find no repose but in plenitude and perfection? To this question I might respond by the disturbance which sin has brought into the work of the Creator, and which must be known in order to be repaired. But we will confine ourselves here to a happier response, and one more in the spirit of my text. The present has its marked place in the satisfaction of the future. The earthly life intercepts the heavenly life only to prepare for it: it is not a barrier to it, but the apprenticeship and education for it.

But it is in the "man Christ Jesus" that we must study this doctrine as instructive, as consoling. He has badly learned the gospel who finds in the earthly life of Christ only an obstacle or delay to the development of his heavenly life. The gospel teaches us to contemplate in the one the prelude, I might say the condition, of the other. It is "for the death which he suffered that Jesus was crowned with glory and honor;" it is because "he humbled himself even to the cross" that he was supremely exalted, and that he received a name which is above every name; it is the fruit of "the travail of his soul" upon earth which satisfies him from age to age. He knew it well; and this thought sweetened to him the bitterness of his earthly life. We say more:

this thought inspired him with an holy impatience to exhaust, to run through, the train of sufferings through which he must pass to enter into his glory; to reap the joy of his deliverance by dying and rising again. For this cup, from which, by an instinct of nature, he shrank, he yet thirsted; and though he exclaimed, "Father, save me from this hour!" he yet added immediately after, "But for this cause came I unto this hour;" "Father, glorify thy name." For this baptism of suffering with which he would be baptized, he thirsted: "I have a baptism to be baptized with; and how am I straitened until it be accomplished!" For the last passover which prefigured his sacrifice, and preceded it some hours, he thirsted: "I have ardently desired to eat this passover with you before I suffer." He thirsted for the prompt *dénouement* of the plot which would deliver him into the hands of the wicked: "What thou doest," said he to the traitor Judas, "do quickly." In fine, he thirsted for all the will of God, which was completed in the sacrifice of the cross: "My meat is to do the will of Him who sent me, and to finish his work," — a thirst which prophecy long before foretold: "Behold, I come (in the volume of the book it is written of me). I delight to do thy will, O my God! and thy law is written within me." Thus, while waiting to satisfy his thirst in the joy to come, Jesus satisfied it in the present suffering, of which this joy is the price.

This view is yet too superficial. Let us penetrate still further into the philosophy of the divine plan, all parts of which are so marvellously connected. The heavenly joy of the "man Christ Jesus" is not only the price of his earthly suffering; it is the fruit of it: the one is connected with the other not merely as the reward to the labor, but as the development to the germ. Between the present and future he recognizes a natural but necessary relation which resides in the depths of things: "Whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap." Taken in their intimate essence, the earthly and heavenly life of Jesus meet again, and blend with each other; for his heavenly life is but the free expansion of the Spirit of God, which filled him without measure when he dwelt among men, though obstructed by the flesh. This Spirit, which quenches the thirst of the heart, is represented in the Scriptures under the emblem of water, which quenches physical thirst: "He spake that of the Spirit which those should receive who might believe on him." Filled with this Spirit, Jesus, who realized first in his human nature all that he came to

accomplish in humanity, is so one with the Father, so in heaven, that he transports heaven to earth, and lives in eternity in the bosom of time. In this way he satisfies here below the needs of his heart in all, under all, the events of his earthly life, living in God who has disposed the one according to the other; and as the life of God can be developed in him only through suffering, thus opening to the Spirit a free passage, so also he finds no better way to quench the thirst which consumes him. The Spirit which will satisfy him hereafter in peaceful glory on high, satisfies him to-day in the terrible but victorious contest to which he delivers the flesh.

As the Master, so the disciples. For us, also, the tormenting thirst of to-day is the necessary preparation, the paternal education, which gives completion to the satisfaction hereafter. For us, also, the temptations through which it needs be that we are "in heaviness for a season, that the trial of our faith may be found unto praise and honor and glory at the appearing of Jesus Christ," are mingled with a "joy unspeakable and full of glory." In us, also, the life of heaven commences here below, under the name of the spiritual life, through the Spirit with which Jesus overflows our hearts, as a dry land with a river of living water. The spiritual life is already the heavenly life, but this life veiled by things visible; and the heavenly life is still the spiritual life, but this life disengaged from things visible. This is so true, that the gospel employs the same term for these two lives, "eternal life," which commences upon earth to continue in heaven, whereby "he who liveth and believeth in Christ shall never die." To us, then, also nothing is lost, nothing is delayed, by the trials of life: in tears are sowed the precious germ, the fruit of which will be gathered one day with a song of triumph. The cross is the only way to glory; and the heavier the cross, the shorter the way. Once penetrated with this doctrine of the gospel, — we say, rather, once animated with this spirit of Christ, — a Christian soul will experience a sort of joy in the disappointments, in the privations, in the sufferings of life, because it feels within a new thirst, which these privations, these disappointments, these sufferings, in their way satisfy. It learns to say with the indomitable Paul, "I take pleasure in infirmities, in misfortunes, in necessities, in persecutions, and in anguishes, for Christ;" and with the compassionate Ezekiel, "Lord, it is by these that one lives; and in all these things is the life of my spirit."

Oh, what light, what glory, what felicity, flows from these spiritual heights upon this earthly life! To say that "all things work together for the good of those who love God," is to say much, without doubt; but it is not to say all that is revealed to us here. Not only are the sufferings of life converted into salutary trials, but the character even of the entire life is transformed, and, if you will allow me the expression, is transfigured. Henceforth, instead of appearing as so much mixed good and evil, which we accept, scarcely expecting any thing better, the earthly life appears also as perfect, in its way, as the heavenly life in its kind: for we cannot imagine any thing better adapted for preparation and education for the heavenly life than is the earthly; and, in despoiling it of all which to-day irritates our thirst, we despoil it of that which can best satisfy it to-morrow. The earthly life bears to the heavenly a relation similar to that between the Old and New Testament. The Old Testament would appear strange, incoherent, sometimes cruel, had not the New come, not to abolish, but to accomplish. So the heavenly life, coming to fulfil, and not to destroy, the earthly, spreads through it order, harmony, and peace. Of this consolation, offered to all, seize the larger part which belongs to you, O ye who are consumed by a thirst still more ardent and less satisfied than that which torments others! Cease to believe yourselves disinherited children of the heavenly Father: you are his privileged children, most conformed to the image of his Son. With more faith and love, you will find that every one of your sorrows offers you an anticipated satisfaction. Behold a poor servant of Christ, for many years stretched upon a bed of pain, whose days of suffering give place to nights of weariness! Ah, well! this is the way which God has chosen to satisfy most perfectly his thirst for joy. With a healthy body and pleasant life, he would have escaped much suffering. I know it, and God knows it better than I do; but he would have lost precious opportunities for preparing himself, I should say being prepared, by trial, by patience, by prayer, — what do we know? — perhaps, even by the contrast, for a keener enjoyment of a happiness more profound. Truly, we consider those blessed who have suffered; but those who suffer to-day will be to-morrow those who have suffered. Ah, my brother! will you murmur now at that which will one day be "your praise and song of rejoicing"? And you, my sister! — you are consumed inwardly with the sweet and terri-

ble need of loving and being loved. No one could better than you appreciate the consolations of the domestic hearth; and these consolations have been refused you. Behold you "desolate and afflicted"! Refused; but by whom? By a blind fatality? No, but by a paternal Providence. And why? To deprive you of that which is lavished upon others? No, but to enrich you beyond all others. Believe it well. God has chosen something better for you, in obliging you to seek your happiness in his love, and to confine to him alone desires the most legitimate, most noble, most inalienable of your nature. If you possessed this life of family which you have so much desired, perhaps so much envied, you would gain from it joys to which you are now a stranger, this is true, — joys from which the pains dependent upon them take none of their profound sweetness (whoever knows how to love will grant you that); but you would lose a merciful discipline, which is preparing you for an unreserved renunciation and an undivided love. Ye all, — men of sorrows, poor, sick, melancholy, weary ones, ye who complain of what? — of having been put in the ranks of these happy ones who weep, of these poor ones who are the most rich, of these weak ones who are the most strong? — listen to me; I would say, listen to yourselves. Would you, for one hour, exchange with the favorites of life? Try to beseech God with all your heart, as Jabez, "to keep you from evil, that it may not grieve you." Who knows? — perhaps, by force of perseverance, your prayer will be heard as was his. But no: you dare not pray as Jabez prayed, who had not, as you, known the gospel, nor, as you, received the Holy Spirit. You tremble at the thought of diminishing the trials meted out to you by a Father "who afflicts not willingly the children of men;" so that, in the depths of your heart, you agree with me, I would say with Jesus Christ.

Courage, then, dear children, — children preferred, marked as such by the thirst which devours you! With your eyes fixed, in the faith of Jesus, upon "the joy that is set before you," bless, in the spirit of Jesus, all the sorrows which open to you the way to it, while you gather freely, with love, with joy, the little flowers, if but a single little one, which God causes to grow in your path through your valley of tears. Then you will repass, by David's astonishing experiences while in the desert of Judah, this other desert in his heart. After exclaiming with him, "My soul thirsteth for thee; my flesh crieth out for thee in this dry

and desert land, where no water is," you will find in the divine life something superior to all earthly good, as well as to all its evils. Then the true meaning of the earthly life will gradually reveal itself to you, "I will bless thee while I live;" and you will finish by shouting with a song of triumph, in spite of yourselves and of all that surrounds you, "My soul is satisfied as with marrow and fatness, and my mouth praiseth thee with a song of rejoicing." Thus you will anticipate the day when the angel of the Apocalypse will invite you to drink, at the hand of Jesus, from the cup of his heavenly joy, by drinking now eagerly, from the hand of the same Jesus, the cup of his earthly bitterness: "If any man thirst, let him come unto me, and drink." Are you capable of receiving still higher consolation, consolation altogether of love, drawn, not from the satisfaction of your own thirst, but from that of others? But the word *consolation* is here too weak; that of *glory* is more appropriate. For what can be more glorious than to enter, I say not only into the spirit of Jesus, but even into his work, and to be, in some sort, crucified for your fellow-creatures? Let us hasten to explain.

The fruit which Jesus would gather for himself, from his humiliation and from his sacrifice, was not the single element of his peace in suffering; it was not the ruling principle of it. Jesus always left the first place to love. After the glory of his Father, whose name he came to manifest to the world, the salvation of "those whom the Father had given him out of the world" occupied him most, and seemed necessary to complete his glory and felicity: "Father, I will that those whom thou hast given me be with me where I am; that they may behold my glory which thou hast given me." This mysterious thirst, which we recognized in his baptism of bitterness, in his farewell passover, in the cup of Gethsemane, and in the sacrifice of Golgotha, resolves itself, without doubt, into thirst for the satisfaction of his own. Who can tell the part that we have even in his last cry of distress, "I thirst!" which was followed by his last word of peace, "It is finished!"? The day will come when all shall be fulfilled in glory, as all was then fulfilled in suffering, and when the first use that Jesus will make of this new glory will be to offer to the thirst of his own an eternal satisfaction. "It is finished!" "I am the Alpha and Omega, the Beginning and End." "To him that thirsteth I will give of the fountain of living water freely." Free to us; but what did it cost him? It signifies not: such a heart

as his finds in the cross I know not what bitter sweetness, from the thought that he suffers to save us ; and the torments he endures are consequently spared his redeemed ones.

Away, away, every thought of participating in the expiatory work of Jesus ! Upon this ground, reserved alone to the Son of God, what foot of man, of angel, could venture without folly, without impiety ? But if we are unable, in any sense, in any degree, to suffer to save men, we can at least suffer to bring them to Christ. This is a way sufficiently glorious, for such unworthy sinners as we are, to be crucified in favor of their brethren. Paul did not despise it. What do I say ? He was as if transported beyond himself, when, associating in this spirit his pain with that of his Master, he utters these astonishing, I had almost said imprudent, words : " I rejoice beforehand in my sufferings for you, and fill up that which is behind of the afflictions in my flesh, for his body's sake, which is the church." True servant of the church, who, hastening to exhaust what his Master might have left unexplored in the field of human suffering, found abundance of consolation, not to say superabundance of joy, in the thought that he could endure no suffering which would not serve " for the perfection of the saints, and edification of the body of Christ " ! Ah, well ! this consolation, this palpitating joy of grief and love, Jesus offers you in my text. Confident in your love, hardly has he promised to satisfy in him your own thirst — " If any man thirst, let him come unto me, and drink " — than he permits you to satisfy that of others : " He who believeth on me, as the Scripture hath said, out of his belly shall flow rivers of living water." Once already had he made the same promise in the same relation : " But whosoever drinketh of the water that I shall give him shall never thirst ; but the water that I shall give him shall be in him a well of water springing up into everlasting life." Loving words ! which our evangelist, converted into a prophet, shows us afterwards, realized in the touching scene of the Apocalypse. Whoever has listened to the invitation of the Spirit and the bride, " Come," will say " Come " to those who have not yet come ; and to no one will he show the source of life who gives not the hand to those who follow him, that he may show it to them in their turn. Is it not, in another order of benefits, the same sentiment which inspires Paul, when he exhorts him, who once stole, to labor with his hands, that he may be able to give to him who is in need ? In nature, as in grace, there is

more happiness in giving than receiving; and it is the part of gospel-charity to delight more in the privilege of being able to give than in the pleasure of receiving. The thirst of Jesus satisfied teaches you to seek in him this spiritual life, which ought to satisfy yours. Ah, well! let your own thirst satisfied give to others the same lesson to guide them, not to you, but to Him who has satisfied you, and who will satisfy them in their turn, coming to him in faith. This lesson, mark it well, will be as much more persuasive as your thirst shall have been more ardent, and your satisfaction more laborious. If you are among those whom God seems to have chosen to make an example of a thirst which nothing shall be able to quench; if you have seen one after another fall at your side, all that makes "the pleasure of your eyes," and you dwell at last alone upon the earth; if a gloomy melancholy, seizing upon you at the very commencement of your course, has consumed your heart, paralyzed your powers, ruined your designs, and troubled all your life; if, in short, "your grief is continued, and your complaint incurable," your thirst satisfied under such conditions as it can be, as it ought to be, as it will be, if you are faithful, — it will be to show clearly that we need not despair of any thing with Christ. If there should appear, then, upon the theatre of life, some other thirsty one who seeks water and findeth none, and who, after long and fruitless efforts, may be ready to despair in losing courage, — a name, in default of that of the Lord which he has not yet learnt to know, — a name will place itself between him and despair: this name it shall be yours. He will say to himself, as he sees you, "This man has been as thirsty as I: what outward affliction, what inward distress, has he not known! How many tears has he shed, to how many combats has he been delivered, how many times has he been tempted to believe all lost! and yet I see him delivered, content, serene. Why may not I arrive at the same result, if I take the same way?" If he says this to himself, and if he acts in this spirit, will you not have been for this unhappy one, as far as possible, what Christ was for you? — will you not have been, according to the measure of human power, crucified for him?

I know not what this supposition says to your heart, but it makes mine leap. Put in my place in this desk, and before this text, a man of grief, to whom a profound sadness shall have given a need more than ordinary of laying hold of Christ, from a more than ordinary feeling of craving in the heart; a man whom a

long course of bitterness shall have doubly prepared to speak to you of thirst and satisfaction, rendering at the same time his discourse more penetrating when he describes the one, and his example more persuasive when he enjoys the other; a man who has been chosen of God to serve as a sign to his brethren, as once an Ezekiel by the wounds of his soul and the combats of his life; — with what touching unction such a man will bring light into your soul! And, when he shall have gained one of you to Christ, will he not find his cross lighter on discovering that God has permitted him to bear it for you?

Hasten, then, weary and thirsty souls! hasten to quench the thirst which devours you, by the hope of quenching that of others. Come, and let me learn from you that there is no person whose thirst Jesus cannot satisfy, having satisfied yours. Come, and let all your sufferings, in turn felt and appeased, instruct those who surround you, both in man's wants and God's riches. Come; and, if God has placed you in the rank of these crucified ones whom he would make visible types of thirst and satisfaction, be crucified with *abandon*, with joy, with love. In turn satisfied and satisfying, receiving gratuitously in order to give gratuitously, come, quench, with the cup of the love of Jesus, all of thirst that his cup of life and his cup of sorrow have left to you. "If any man thirst, let him come unto me, and drink."

Ah! when was this love more required than at present? when was the invitation of my text more despised? when was the world more thirsty, and less disposed to quench its thirst in Christ? Yes, our age understands, better than any other, the thirst which consumes it; it feels it, it endures it, it complains of it: but, to satisfy it, it sees nothing beyond this life which deceives and irritates it. Our age seems to flatter itself that it will find in the bosom of the earth some lost source of Eden, on condition of digging deeper. What it obtains to-day it demands from it to-morrow; as if the experience of its deceptions, during four thousand years, was not sufficient! What it does not give the individual it demands for the race; as if the race was any thing but a union of individuals, or as if personal life could assort itself in collective life, out of deference to the philosophy of the day!

Alas! and instead of following Jesus in the heavenly life by which he offers to satisfy us, we make a false, profane, carnal Jesus, to invoke his venerated name at our ease, without obeying his precepts. All this is as insane as wicked. We may view

the world under every aspect, — it can only give us what it has; and it has not, I tell you, — it has not any thing to quench the thirst of our hearts. Eden itself, could it return, has not: its infantine life would no longer suffice for the heart of man, opened to the knowledge of good and evil. It needs a life more serious, more manly, more baptized with water and with blood; and Jesus alone can give it, here, to-day, for ever.

Let us remember, what Jesus says to the individual he says also to the ages: "If any one thirst, let him come unto me, and drink." If there is an age which thirsts; if there is an age that has sounded the woes of humanity; if there is an age which pretends to resolve the social problem; if there is an age called together, from a past fertile in instruction, to prepare for a future charged with blessings; if there is an age agitated, panting, laboring, and exhausted, but great in its mission, ardent in its hopes, indomitable in its enterprises; if there is a nineteenth century, — let it cease to present its thirst to the four winds of heaven; let it despair of its theories; let it be silent; let it bow the head; let it come to Jesus, and drink.

EDITOR'S COLLECTANEA.

Webster's Unabridged Dictionary. — We have just been giving a fresh examination to Noah Webster's Unabridged American Dictionary of the English Language, and are more than ever impressed with its great compass and value. No student, as it appears to us, has access to the needful resources for understanding or using our native tongue, who does not keep this vast and rich repository of philological labor and learning at his side. Of other lexicons, we have, at other times, expressed a free though humble opinion in these pages. It is enough for justice, and it ought to be enough for any interest or ambition, to say that each of the principal authorities has its own peculiar merits, and is unmatched in its own special line of excellence. What we have to say of Webster is, that its definitions, — now almost universally acknowledged to be unrivalled for completeness, accuracy, and the avoidance of mere synonymes, — together with some of its other features, render it indispensable in every library and at every writing-desk. The thorough and exact labors of Professors Goodrich, Thacher, and Porter, of Yale Col-

lege, on the editorship, the lists of Greek and Latin Proper Names, and the Vocabulary of Scripture Proper Names, also confer on the volume the dignity and trustworthiness of an immense wealth of erudition. The biography, dissertations, rules, analyses, criticisms, heighten the interest still further. The publishers, Messrs. George and Charles Merriam, of Springfield, issue the work in different styles, some of which are very elegant. Epes Sargent, Esq., has lately applied his careful and experienced pen to a vindication of Webster's orthography, in an ingenious and able pamphlet.

Elements of Moral Philosophy, Analytical, Synthetical, and Practical. By HUBBARD WINSLOW. New York: D. Appleton and Co. Sold by Phillips and Sampson. — The place occupied by this carefully prepared treatise has long been vacant. Ethical writers, however able and clear-headed, do not always understand how to exhibit ethical principles in their application to real life, how to illustrate them by an interesting style, nor how to breathe into them the informing spirit and holy unction of the Christian religion. Mr. Winslow never sacrifices clearness or method to practical effect; but his work is much more than the dry bones of formal statements, verbal distinctions, or abstruse speculation. Without pretending to be a very elaborate or profoundly reasoned discussion of the scientific elements of the subject, it succeeds in at once stimulating the intellect and warming the heart. We have been particularly gratified by the sections which relate to the management of the desires and the government of the thoughts. The chapters on external duties are also admirable. The most original passages are those which treat of the distinction between appetite and desire, and of the nature of conscience, where the author criticizes the notion of conscience as a moral sense and a moral judgment, insisting on its coincidence with reason, or rather its comprehending reason, yet preserving its supremacy, — a *sensibility* to be cultivated, and yet a *power* to be obeyed.

The Hallig; or, the Sheepfold in the Waters. From the German of BIERNATZKI. Translated by Mrs. GEORGE P. MARSH. With a Biographical Sketch of the Author. Gould and Lincoln. — Mrs. Marsh has been as fortunate in laying hold of this rare picture of a romantic, unique, and religious life and people, as she has been skilful in reproducing it in English. Already the book has gained a great success with the best class of readers. Wherever it goes, it fascinates the cultivated and the illiterate, the young and the old, the devout and the careless. Our own copy is in a brisk circulation. The vivid and eloquent description of the strange scenery; the thrilling accounts of the mysterious action of the waters and the vapors on the Schleswig coast; the anomalous habits and attachments of the singular community living there between land and ocean, or *on* the one and *in* the other; the beautiful and holy intercourse of the good shepherd and his flock, — all form a story of uncommon attractions and unmingled excellence. The satisfaction one feels in its popularity is without abatement. Compare its cheerful and purifying influence with the powerful but dismal "Paul Ferrol."